

An Independent Journal of Opinion and the Arts

# The CANADIAN FORUM

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## The Royal Commission and The Gordon Commission

► THE ROYAL COMMISSION, dating from Tudor times, is not as old as the governmental survey — the statistical arm of a modern government can perhaps trace its lineage back to the manorial extent and the feudal inquisition *post mortem* — but it is quite venerable enough to have an established place in that implausible collection of institutions we call English government. Like most of these institutions, the Royal Commission successfully resists definition. It can take many forms and serve many purposes. But as a matter of tradition any Royal Commission worthy of the name does two things. First, it studies a problem by gathering evidence relating to it; a deductive approach to the problem or a collection of opinions about it *may* be employed in the study, but the English distrust of both logic and hearsay means that the commissioners *must* start from the facts. Second, the commissioners must, at the conclusion of their labors, stand up and be counted; they must state in plain English what they have found, what their conclusions are (if any), and what their recommendations are (if any). The commissioners may be biased or incompetent, their conclusions unsoundly based or wrong, their recommendation vicious or absurd — but there should be no doubt whatsoever about what their findings or their conclusions or their recommendations *are*. As a document which speaks plainly, a Royal Commission Report serves, whether as beacon or target, to clarify the discussion of a public issue, and thereby serves the purpose of public education.

When the Liberal cabinet accepted the proposal that they should set up a Royal Commission on Canada's Economic Prospects they made a shambles of the first tradition of the Royal Commission, namely, that it should be a body that studies a problem empirically. "Canada's economic prospects" is not a problem, nor even a finite (let alone manageable) set of problems, but an infinite universe of problems. And you cannot gather evidence about the future. We all had misgivings at the time the Commission was established; but we hoped that Mr. Gordon could somehow overpower his monstrous terms of reference. He has been unable to do so.

The *débâcle* is worse than was feared because the Preliminary Report violates the second tradition of the Royal Commission. It does not speak plainly.

Listen to this delineation of the foreign investment issue:

"It would, however, be both unfair and ungenerous to suggest that Canada has been hurt so far — as a result of the foreign capital that has been invested in this country. As already stated, we have benefited greatly from such investment. Nevertheless if, as seems likely, the present trend continues under which foreign investment in Canada is heavily concentrated in the resource and manufacturing industries, it seems probable that this will continue to cause concern in this country. And conceivably, if this proves to be the case, it could lead to actions of an extreme kind being taken at some future time. This is the problem—the question is what can or should be done about it?"

Our questions: What is the problem? Do the commissioners think there is a problem? May be a problem? May conceivably be a problem at some future time? May conceivably be a problem at some future time if (a) people continue to be concerned about the possibility of a problem and (b) take actions of an extreme kind for or against something?

After all the specious oratory on the subject of foreign investment that Canadians have been exposed to in the last year or so, the Commission might reasonably have been expected to tell us whether it found the alleged problem to be real or imaginary. By failing either to exorcise the issue or define it the Commission has contributed to the perpetua-

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## Current Comment

### The Professional Closed Shop

Suppose the recent strike of railway firemen had aimed at protecting the craft by preventing the CPR from hiring Hungarian refugees fully qualified in the trade. Had this been the issue, the Canadian public would have been quite properly outraged on two counts: first, that the craft should be able to dictate the number of its members, quite apart from their professional qualifications; and, secondly, that the union should take such a self-seeking view of new Canadians.

This particular example is purely imaginary, but it is not by any means unrealistic. In fact, this is precisely the stand taken recently by the Lancashire coal-mine unions. It is also the stand being taken by the medical profession in Ontario.

According to a recent press dispatch, the College of Physicians and Surgeons proposes to prevent immigrant doctors from practising in Ontario until they become Canadian citizens. This proposed requirement is quite distinct from the existing professional requirements which must be met by an immigrant doctor. Professional requirements clearly come within the purview of the College — it is for doctors to decide what standards would-be doctors must meet.

But citizenship requirements are quite another matter. Since when has it been the right of any Canadian citizen (leaving aside the obvious special case of the civil service) to disbar a non-Canadian from work? If a man meets the recognized standards of his calling, it is incumbent upon the profession to admit him to membership. Any other interpretation implies the existence of a closed shop which is contrary to public policy. Moreover in the case of immigrant doctors the new barrier would represent a severe hardship. It already requires about three years for a foreign-language doctor to meet the professional requirements in the English language. Another two years would add greatly to the financial burdens of those who come to Canada with families. Ordinary decency demands that they be admitted to practise as soon as they satisfy the professional standards.

### "What's Good for Chrysler is Good for Canada"

The increasing tightness of monetary policy has been accompanied by a growing volume of criticism of the Bank of Canada. This has come from a variety of quarters, but more especially from the automobile industry in both the United States and Canada. Recently a Toronto audience was treated to a striking example of this criticism by Mr. Ron Todgham, President of Chrysler Corporation of Canada. His line of attack is cited here not because it is the most compelling of the various recent statements in a similar vein, but because it comes from such an important source and with so little justification.

According to Mr. Todgham, the Bank of Canada is operated by a collection of bureaucrats who are quite remote from the problems of businessmen and who are motivated chiefly by the desire to extend their power even if in so doing they bring about a depression. This appalling charge ought of course to be directed at the Government, which as sole shareholder has the power to throw the rascals out — if such they be. (It may be wondered in passing, if Mr. Todgham would apply the same brush to the central banking officials of the twenty-odd Western countries which are pursuing somewhat similar tight-money policies.)

Mr. Todgham went on to say that the trouble with the mealy-mouthed bureaucrats was their inability to appreciate the dynamic expansionary forces at work in Canada. If the central bank would only see that enough money were made available, Chrysler could produce more cars and everyone would be happy. No doubt there is unused plant capacity in the automobile industry, but where would Mr. Todgham hire the labor? With unemployment at a virtual minimum, labor could be hired away only from other employers, at higher prices. And this would not increase total employment; it would merely shift it to Chrysler from somewhere else, and with inflationary consequences to boot. Does Mr. Todgham imagine that this would be a responsible policy for the central bank to adopt?

It is curious that the automobile industry should be among the most vocal complainants against tight money. The fact is that the financing of automobile purchases through bank loans to the finance companies has increased more than any other single category of bank credit in the past year. Toronto dealers are still advertising terms of \$195 down and 36 months to pay. Could it be that the record sales of 1955 and 1956 have taken some of the punch out of the demand for cars? Perish the thought.

### Another View on the Middle East

The comments on the Middle Eastern crisis in previous issues of the *Forum* have, it seems to me, been both parochial and excessively moralistic in tone. The unsigned editorial in the December issue ("Suez: An Assessment") notes the failure of the Anglo-French attack on Egypt to achieve



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any of its presumed objectives and then instead of discussing possible alternatives to the action trails off into expressions of concern over the future of the Commonwealth. Mr. David Donnison in the same issue and Mr. George Bennett in the January issue are full of moral indignation and breathe a spirit of Little Englandism that seems no less outdated than the "gunboat diplomacy" the British are accused of reviving. Mr. Bennett says that he was ashamed to face his children's questions about the destruction of Port Said and felt tempted to hide under the bedclothes. How, one wonders, did he handle their questions about Cyprus last year or the queries of his neighbors' offspring — assuming his own were as yet unborn — about British conduct in Palestine immediately after the war? My point is not that the British have always been scoundrels; merely that last October was hardly the first time they have resorted to violence in the Middle East. All three writers seem more concerned about Britain's or the Commonwealth's moral stance before "world public opinion" than with the explosive problems of the Middle East that the British tried to resolve in however ill-considered a manner.

The December editorialist even takes Israel to task. We are told that "the immense store of goodwill for Israel throughout the Western world" has been endangered and that it is "a far more precious asset" than captured arms. This is pure cant. Small nations faced with destruction by more powerful neighbors from Ethiopia in the 1930's to Hungary only yesterday have had plenty of chances to gauge the value of Western "goodwill." It wins them a bushel of noble platitudes from statesmen and charity for their displaced citizens once they have been crushed. Why in the world should the Israelis or the Hungarian revolutionists or any small people suffering from oppression or possible military attack care two hoots whether their actions rock the great powers' boat? One suspects that what the editorialist really has in mind with all his pious talk about Western goodwill is the power of the United States to wreck Israel's economy by blocking her American funds. And it is indeed possible that Mr. Dulles, who until recently labored under the curious misapprehension that the Jews killed Mahomet, might recommend such a step. I have the impression, however — admittedly based only on reading the papers and talking to students and academic colleagues — that American public opinion is a good deal more sympathetic to Israel than the official position of the Administration suggests.

The editorial also chides the Israelis for timing their attack to coincide with the Hungarian uprising. Yet surely with the Russians preoccupied in Eastern Europe this must have seemed to the Israelis to be precisely the ideal time to launch an attack, both from their point of view and from the West's. It should be recalled that the brutal suppression of the Hungarian revolt took the world by surprise: after de-Stalinization and Gomulka's victory in Poland no one anticipated such a horror. Moreover, the link between events in Hungary and the Anglo-French-Israeli attack on Egypt is still far from clear. Two widely contrasting interpretations were recently advanced by English political analysts in the same issue of *Commentary*: George Lichtheim maintained that the East European revolt saved Israel from destruction and Europe from the final loss of all Middle Eastern oil by throwing the Russian timetable out of gear, while Hugh Seton-Watson accused Eden and Mollet of betraying Europe by attacking Egypt at a time when there was a real chance to reach an agreement with the Soviet Union that might have won Eastern Europe its freedom. Obviously, it is premature to jump to conclusions about the conjuncture of the two sets of events.

The Anglo-French attack, it is now quite evident, was inadequately conceived and poorly executed. Perhaps if the details and timing of the plan had been different the canal might have been safeguarded and Nasser toppled from power. Or perhaps the latter goal might at least have been achieved if Britain had been prepared, as France was, to ignore Soviet threats and pressure from the United States and the UN. But Russian bellicosity and American moralism should have been anticipated in advance. Moreover, the British and French clearly violated the rather formal standards of international morality. Yet I don't see that this is the nub of the matter and find Messrs. Donnison's and Bennett's wailing about the shame of it all quite disproportionate to the offence.

Any nation that feels its national interests are at stake and knows that it can expect no satisfaction from an international assembly dominated by Great Powers and blocs of smaller powers bound to be hostile or indifferent will, and perhaps should, act unilaterally, even to the extent of resorting to arms. A more important question from the moral standpoint is whether truly legitimate interests are at stake and there can, I think, be little doubt that this was the case in the Middle East. Britain has also been condemned for regressing to old-fashioned imperialism. But this judgment also begs the question of whether genuinely national interests were involved. Does a nation that has built an important waterway or developed a vital natural resource in a territory that later becomes independent simply have to withdraw unconditionally in the name of anti-imperialism at the whim of a posturing dictator?

The chief British concern was, of course, neither the Suez Canal nor Arab-Israel conflict but Soviet infiltration of the Middle East. Defenders of Eden's action are already pointing to Eisenhower's Middle Eastern doctrine as its most tangible fruit. If so, one must doubt whether the game was worth the candle. True, the Russians have now been put on notice that the United States is fully committed to defense of the Middle East and are left guessing as to what degree of intervention will meet with opposition. But there is no evidence that the State Department is aware of the extent to which Soviet subversion has already occurred in Egypt, Syria, and Jordan, and subversion rather than overt aggression promises to yield far greater dividends to the Soviet Union. With its exclusively military slant plus a liberal dash of economic aid, the Eisenhower doctrine leaves untouched the problems of Arab-Israeli conflict and the Suez Canal that have been at least the occasions, if not fundamental causes, of the anti-Western pro-Soviet orientation of Arab nationalism.

As I write, the United States is apparently once more preparing to join the Afro-Asian bloc (and the Soviet bloc!) in the UN — this time to demand that Israel withdraw unconditionally from Gaza and the Gulf of Aqaba region thus restoring completely the *status quo ante*. Even Dag Hammarskjöld is sympathetic to Israel's demand for UN guarantees that these areas will not be used by Egypt to harass Israeli shipping or as a base for *fedayeen* attacks. If Israel is forced to surrender them the UN will again have provided *de facto* sanction for Egyptian provocation, Egyptian attacks on Israel will continue, Israel will strike back again, and the danger of a world war will be intensified. And if the Egyptian armies should once more be routed, Nasser's or his successor's dependence on the Soviet Union will increase.

It is even possible that the Arab states will receive military assistance from the United States under the Eisenhower doctrine while the embargo on arms to Israel continues. Why can't the United States remove for once and for all all prospects of another Arab-Israeli war by arming



Israel and guaranteeing her territorial integrity? It would offend the Arabs and lord knows what they would do then. Why can't the United States at least join the Baghdad Pact? It would offend King Saud who doesn't like the Hashemite dynasty of Iraq. Are all the unpleasant things this caution is designed to avoid likely to happen anyway if and when another Arab-Israeli war breaks out and Nuri as-Said falls in Iraq? Yes.

DENNIS H. WRONG.

## Mr. Gomulka's Victory

Mr. Gomulka, the First Secretary of the Polish Communist (United Workers') Party, continues to walk successfully on a tightrope. His slogan "Communism without tyranny" has won the majority of the electorate on January 20. Combining caution with great tactical skill he manages to hold an extremely precarious course between popular pressure and Moscow's actual and potential demands. His real dilemma is that in order to maintain popular support he has to follow the road of independence from the Soviet Union, yet the further away he drifts the less are his chances of keeping Poland communist. To what extent can he antagonize Moscow, and how long can he keep postponing the fulfilment of the people's desire for a more complete democratization of life? These are the Scylla and Charybdis of his present policy. Either one could be the cause of his downfall.

In the past few weeks the danger loomed ominously. On the eve of the elections Gomulka did not hesitate to say that voting against him would mean crossing Poland off the map of Europe. Earlier, in his pre-election speech of November 29, 1956, he asserted bluntly that the only possible political platform in Poland is that of his own party.

Apart from these warnings there was no indication of direct political pressure by the Government. The freedom of elections was not infringed by any overt act of violence. However, the lack of such a freedom was inherent in the existing electoral system which makes it possible to vote but not to elect: the only available voting list is that of the Front of National Unity. Yet Gomulka seems to have yielded to some extent to the popular desire to introduce new blood into the *Sejm* (parliament): the general wish to have the former members often identified with the acts of the disgraced Stalinist regime ousted was gratified during the election campaign. As reported by *Zycie Warszawy* (December 13, 1956), the number of candidates nominated was an unprecedented 60,000 instead of the constitutional 720. It is true that most of these candidates were to play only a symbolic part. According to a subsequent communiqué of the Polish Press Agency, out of the 720 official nominees competing for 459 seats one half were members of the Polish Communist Party. The other two officially sponsored parties, the Peasants and the Democrats, obtained 25 per cent and 10 per cent of the seats respectively, leaving 15 per cent to the independents.

In spite of the general conflagration of the last few weeks, the national temper dictated realistic and sober solutions during the elections. Reports indicate that the Party remained restrained, doubtless well aware that it commanded a flimsy support among the electorate and that only Gomulka's own authority and popularity could bring votes for the Government. Poland's extremely delicate international position, as well as Gomulka's own dilemma, must have been the great pressures felt at every turn. They left the voter with no choice, despite the ostensible lack of coercion. And yet both Mr. Gomulka's sweeping victory and the unusually large voting returns show that a good many people have given him a full vote of confidence.

W. J. STANKIEWICZ.

## Changing the Guard at Buckingham Palace

At first sight, the replacement of Sir Anthony Eden, as Britain's Prime Minister, by Harold Macmillan, former Chancellor of the Exchequer, merely seems a token of the readiness of Britain's upper class to stand behind its product: defective merchandise will at once be replaced from identical stock. Both politicians have the limp good breeding of metropolitans, both are in the Eton-and-Oxford gallant-soldier manner — Macmillan slightly more so, since he is Brigade-of-Guards as well. The fact that he started in trade, as a partner in the respectable publishing house of Macmillan & Co., is beside the point. Publishing has long been socially O.K. in England (that formidable snob Mr. Evelyn Waugh is a publisher's son), and the Macmillan imprint, perhaps unfortunately for the Macmillan profits, is said to be the equivalent of knighthood. It may be assumed that Mr. Macmillan's attachment to his Scotch crofter forebears is safely sentimental.

On closer consideration, however, Mr. Macmillan is something of a dark horse. His ability is not in doubt. His success as Minister of Housing proved him a good house-keeper as well as a good builder, and it is that success, rather than his reported fondness for reading classics in the original, which confirms the legend of his intelligence. (Newspapermen have fastened on the story that he read some classical volume or other when lying wounded on Flanders Field: they are not agreed whether it was Aeschylus or Horace, but are quite certain that whatever it was, it was in the original.) His reputation for oratory is less easy to understand, if his initial address to the British people is at all characteristic. The phrase 'closing the ranks' is surely cold comfort for the glum British, who must be sick of being cheered on to fresh discomforts in the name of a 'greatness' no modern power, let alone a declining one, can claim.

Reports that Macmillan was on the extreme right in the Suez crisis are difficult to believe, in view of his known ability to compromise in the interest of peace and quiet, and in view of his general 'progressive' leanings. Reports, on the other hand, of his genuine friendship for Eisenhower are probably well founded. A photograph of the President, affectionately inscribed, has for some years been prominent in his private house.

The criticism that his appointment by the Queen was unconstitutional or at best undemocratic was misconceived. Even if it were not evident that Macmillan commands more support in his party than Butler, his closest rival, the manner of his taking office was in accordance with sound precedent. Apart from its function as a sentimental focus for the Commonwealth, the Crown plays no other part so valuable as this important one of preserving continuity of government. And though it might be supposed that the rather stodgy huntin'-shootin'-and-fishin' background which a royal education involves would predispose the Queen more to someone like Macmillan than to an 'intellectual' like Butler, the evidence is that she acted on advice, not on inclination.

## Canadian Calendar

- Canadian universities have pledged themselves through free scholarships, to a program of \$100,000 in aid of Hungarian refugee university students.
- Merchants across the country report that Canadians spent up to 12 per cent more for Christmas gifts this year.
- A new Ontario seaport on the shores of James Bay may come from development of huge iron ore deposits in the Belcher Islands in Hudson Bay.



● The output of each sector of the Canadian pulp and paper industry in 1956 exceeded all previous records, according to R. M. Fowler, president of the Canadian Pulp and Paper Association.

● A total of 314,000 persons was added to Canada's population through natural increase alone in 1955, the highest number in history and the sixth highest rate of natural increase in the world.

● Public Works Minister Winters announced on Dec. 23 that 63 per cent of the Trans-Canada Highway is now paved.

● Public bond financing in Canada during 1956 rose to \$2,851,108,997 from \$2,684,549,199 in 1955.

● Canada's consumer price index rose more sharply in 1956 than at any time since the 1950-51 Korea War period — from 116.4 in January to a record 120.3 in October, an increase of 3.9 points.

● The firemen's strike which paralysed the Canadian Pacific Railway on Jan. 2 came to an end on Jan. 11. Under the settlement the firemen will be granted the pay increase awarded them by a conciliation board and the diesel engine safety issue will be investigated by a Royal Commission of three judges.

● The British Columbia Department of Mines in a preliminary estimate places the dollar value of the province's mineral production in 1956 at \$189,000,000, 8 per cent more than in 1955.

● Bankruptcies were more numerous in Ontario in 1956 than in any year since the peak of the depression in 1932. The figures jumped from 31 in 1946 to 540 in 1956. (There were 1,045 bankruptcies in 1932.) This condition is ascribed partly to the Federal Government's tight money policy, partly to the fact that individuals were living beyond their means.

● The building boom in Metropolitan Toronto passed the \$500,000,000 mark in 1956 with a total of \$534,651,100.

● Total office space built in Toronto since 1946 or now under construction exceeds 7,000,000 square feet; this places Toronto second only to New York in the addition of office space among the cities of North America. (New York has added 14,000,000 square feet since 1946.)

● Total value of construction contract awards in Canada during 1956 rose 7.6 per cent over 1955. The 1956 total hit a record high of \$3,426,905,500, a gain of \$243,313,500 over 1955.

● The Royal Commission on Canada's Economic Prospects headed by Walter L. Gordon, has made its preliminary report which was made public in Ottawa on Jan. 10. It predicts a population of 26,650,000 in Canada by 1980 living mainly in urban centres and working shorter hours for higher wages. It stresses the critical shortage of trained man-power in Canada and the consequent need for continuity in immigration policies.



"BUT I'M ONLY A PRELIMINARY MOUSE"

- Estimates of the final cost to Canada for its share in the construction of the St. Lawrence Seaway have been boosted more than \$70,000,000 in the last year to about \$284,675,000.
- Toronto ranks first among Canadian cities in the number of telephones per 100 residents and sixteenth in the number of telephones in service among cities of the world.
- E. E. Winch, the father of the CCF party in British Columbia, died on Jan. 11 in Vancouver at the age of 77.
- The Provincial Government of Quebec has budgeted for expenditures of \$471,467,860 during the year beginning April 1, nearly \$100,000,000 higher than before. The increase—more than 25 per cent—is the greatest by far in provincial history.
- Vancouver is planning an annual summer festival on a large scale. It has begun a campaign for \$250,000. The first festival will be given in the summer of 1958. There will be a major competition for Canadian composers. A \$1,000 prize will be awarded for the best symphonic composition; another \$1,000 prize for a chamber music work. The winning works will be played at the first festival.
- Mr. Justice Roy L. Kellock of the Supreme Court of Canada was appointed on Jan. 17 chairman of the Royal Commission which will inquire as to whether firemen can safely be eliminated from the crews of diesel locomotives. The other two members will be Mr. Justice C. C. McLaurin of the Alberta Supreme Court and Mr. Justice Jean Martineau of the Quebec Court of the Queen's Bench.
- The Bank of Canada discount rate rose on Jan. 18 to a record high of 3.97 per cent. The increase was the seventh in the last eight weeks.
- J. W. Billes, who until his death on Nov. 17 was president of Canadian Tire Corporation, left an estate of \$6,203,760.32, the income and part of the capital of which he has willed to charities, scholarship funds and medical research (the beneficiaries being mainly in the Toronto area).
- Dividend payments by Canadian companies for 1956 have risen to a record high and are 12 per cent above the previous peak in 1955 (\$703,284,419 against \$629,173,870 in 1954).
- Canada's output of pig iron rose more than 11 per cent in 1956 to 3,568,400 tons from 3,213,800 in 1955 and the output of steel ingots rose 17 per cent to 5,179,300 tons from 4,441,700 in 1955.
- The Society of Jesus announced on Dec. 17 that it will establish a new university at Sudbury. Plans call for faculties of arts, science, engineering, commerce and finance. Rev. Alphonse Raymond will be president.
- Dr. W. Kaye Lamb, Dominion archivist, announced on Dec. 18 the return to Canada of the original commission from Louis XV appointing General Montcalm commander of the French Army in Canada, dated March 11, 1756. The historic document was purchased from a New York art dealer. Its history is not yet known.
- Canadian production of goods and services continued to climb in the third quarter of the year but at a slower rate than in the first two quarters, owing to a tightening money situation.
- The External Affairs Department announced on Dec. 21 the following appointments: Dr. Philippe Panneton, Montreal physician and writer, ambassador to Portugal; R. A. D. Ford, head of the department's European division for the

last two years, ambassador to Colombia; T. W. L. McDermot, at present ambassador to Greece and Israel, High Commissioner to Australia.

• The flow of foreign capital to Canada continued to rise in October, net imports resulting from trade in stocks and bonds increasing to \$35,000,000, compared with \$8,800,000 a year ago.

• Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru of India arrived in Ottawa on Dec. 21 for a two-day visit. He stayed at Government house as the guest of Governor-General Massey.

• At the close of the first eight months of the current fiscal year on Nov. 30, the Government had a surplus of \$387,600,000, as compared with a surplus of \$105,700,000 on Nov. 30, 1955.

• Laval University on Dec. 19 flatly rejected proposed federal grants to universities on the grounds that education is an exclusively provincial responsibility.

• Henry Comfort Hindmarsh, president of the Toronto Daily Star, died on the night of Dec. 20-21 in Toronto at the age of 69.

## Disturbing Prospects

Stefan Stykolt and Harry C. Eastman

► THE REPORT OF the Royal Commission on Canada's Economic Prospects reflects accurately the preoccupations of the Canadian public with a number of economic problems, some of them real. These problems have already been thrashed out thoroughly in the press and on radio and television. The Report's recommendations are not such as to surprise those who have followed this debate in which the voices that were heard most clearly were, as always, the voices of organized groups of producers. The main theme of the Commission's recommendations is that Canadian producers ought to be protected by government action from the rigors of the free market. The chief concern of non-political enquiry into economic problems is customarily the welfare of consumers, but it finds no place in this Report.

The Report is a masterpiece in the art of writing between the lines. Vague statements are accumulated to convey to the reader impressions different from those conveyed by any specific recommendation. For instance, in the chapter on Commercial Policy the reader is inexorably led to understand that protection is the goal, though few statements are explicitly protectionist. The chapter begins with the sweet and reasonable acceptance of the present level of the tariff. This is the fashionable gambit in Canadian protectionist circles nowadays. The modest general plea that the tariff be reduced no further becomes the basis for a number of specific recommendations that would have the effect of increasing, gently but firmly, the degree of protection. The Report states that "... any general revision of the tariff schedules will involve adjustments up as well as down in individual rates." There follow a number of suggestions for changes in administration and in the tariff which would involve adjustments up, but not down. The criteria proposed for deciding upon changes in the tariff are vague and platitudinous and introduce a protectionist bias.

The Commissioners are caught in *flagrante delicto* when they propose that "in . . . a reexamination of the tariff, every effort should be made to reduce the number of separate items and to eliminate wherever possible both 'end use' items and items 'of a class or kind not made in Canada'". These are both classes on which rates of duty are exceptionally low. Hence this seemingly innocent simplification would have the effect of substantially raising, probably more than doubling, the rates of duty paid on a large number of commodities now falling under these classifications.



Opposition to both unilateral tariff reduction and reciprocity continue the theme. The latter especially is decried on the grounds that "... many ... industries would probably not be able to survive in their present form or on any appreciable scale." It may be noted that the Commissioners are of a different mind in another section of the Report in which they explain the inherent efficiency of Canadian secondary manufacturing industry. This sector would have as low costs as foreign producers if it could find markets for its products abroad, they imply. This it cannot do. "The main reason for this is the tariff ... of foreign countries. This is particularly true of the United States ... where tariffs are in general much higher on manufactured goods than on raw or semi-processed materials." If this is true, the Commissioners should not oppose, but should welcome, reciprocity which would open the United States market to Canadian manufacturers and enable them to benefit from the economies of large scale production.

In the section on secondary manufacturing, the bias of the Report is evident not so much in the recommendations, but in the woolly analysis of the present condition and of the prospects of this important sector of our economy. It is simply not true that "... in the field of consumer goods, the strong demand in Canada for United States brand name products has resulted in, or has been accompanied by, the establishment in this country of subsidiaries of United States manufacturers of such products." Subsidiaries have been established in Canada as a consequence of the Canadian tariff. Without the tariff Canadians would have bought these goods in the United States where they are cheaper, not because of preference for particular brands. It is a pity that the Commission's only contribution to the explanation of the low productivity of Canadian manufacturing industry (according to the Commission's own estimates 35 to 40 per cent lower than in the United States in terms of real output per man-hour) is a misleading embellishment of the hoary argument about the small market and short production runs of our manufacturers. "In some instances corporate rivalries in the United States may have led to a more rapid expansion in the manufacturing facilities of subsidiaries than the Canadian market would appear to warrant. As a consequence the division of the market among an excessive number of firms has accentuated the problems of short production runs for each and raised their costs." What has shortened production runs is not the excessive number of firms but the excessive number of products made by each, frequently the result of non-price competition made possible by collusion behind the tariff.

The Commission shows some symptoms of schizophrenia. On the one side it looks with favor on the protection of manufacturing and processing industry. On the other it resents the American investment in Canada which is largely the product of that protection. The chapter on Foreign Capital Investment begins with a sensible appraisal of the special contribution which American investment makes to the Canadian economy, a contribution which includes not only risk capital made available for large projects, but also special skills, management, and the assurance of foreign markets. To the Commissioners this conclusion does not appear inconsistent with their wish to discourage and limit the volume of foreign equity capital in those enterprises which, by their own admission, benefit most from it. The one recommendation which will receive general support is that foreign firms operating in Canada "publish their financial statements and make full disclosure therein of their Canadian operations." However, another suggestion that "Wherever possible, foreign companies should employ Canadians in senior management and technical positions, should retain Canadian engineering and other professional and

service personnel, and should do their purchasing of supplies, materials and equipment in this country" turns the Commissioners into pale likenesses of Dr. Mossadegh, pale because, while the sentiment is the same, the will to translate it into action is luckily absent. The third and most far reaching proposal involves discrimination, solely on the basis of country of residence, in tax treatment, in grants of mining rights, oil leases and timber limits, and in the privileges of stock holders in Canadian banks and insurance companies. The object of this discrimination is to induce the victims to offer for sale 20 to 25 per cent of their equity stocks to Canadian investors. The success of such a scheme might soothe the tender susceptibilities of extreme Canadian nationalists, but would do little to strengthen the control of Canadians over industries located here. Nevertheless, it would discourage foreign investment in Canada, for the principle of forced sale of equity would be established and would give rise to reasonable fears that the proportion would be raised in the future. It is surprising that a Royal Commission should make such *infra dig.* recommendations which thrust us into the company of Egypt, India and the rest.

In sum, the Report is very disappointing. The Commissioners themselves appear to be aware of some deficiencies when they assert that their work will not be complete "... until the examination we have made of the Canadian economy and its prospects has been incorporated in a comprehensive final report which will provide a wider base for our conclusions than is contained here." Despite their emphasis on the preliminary nature of the Report it is appropriate to treat it as seriously as the final version, because it is evidently designed for mass distribution. Its magazine format and invitingly brief chapters are clearly destined to this end. It is the preliminary, rather than the full report that will convey to the general public the Commission's recommendations and the arguments which are used to support them. Nevertheless, it is to be hoped that the final Report will be less obsessed with the problems of manufacturers and processors, even if the Commission should not be able to reconsider the effect of some of the policies already recommended on consumer welfare, on the rate of growth of our economy and on the ever-present danger of secular inflation.

## The Political Ideas of George Brown

J. M. S. Careless

► CANADIAN POLITICAL FIGURES have generally skirted the discussion of ideas and doctrine by wide platitudes. Not George Brown, however, the journalist-politician and Clear Grit Liberal leader of the Confederation era—he was born to argue principle. In his powerful *Toronto Globe*, the most widely circulated newspaper in British North America, he had the ideal instrument for expressing his mind, and for over three decades, from the first *Globe* issue in 1844 to his death in 1880, it presented a massive documentation of the thinking of George Brown. Others, of course, shared in writing its columns, especially after Brown entered parliament in 1852. Yet he kept such strong control that the journal regularly exhibited the consistent pattern of his thought, consistent too with his lengthy, closely argued speeches in the House and about the Ontario countryside. This pattern may be best described in terms of three main threads that ran through it: his creed of anti-state church Protestantism, his belief in free-trade, economic liberal doctrines, and his rooted preference for British parliamentary institutions over American republican models.



But to trace these threads to their beginnings, one must start in the classic way with the early life and family background of George Brown.

Born in Edinburgh in 1819, he grew up in the fervent atmosphere of reform movements that were striving to pry loose the dead hand of the eighteenth century from the Scottish church and state. On the one side was the struggle against the old narrow oligarchies in the boroughs that triumphed in the Reform Act of 1832. On the other was the mounting protest against the power of lay authority in the Church of Scotland, a protest which led ultimately to the disruption of 1843, when the "non-intrusionist" faction withdrew from the established Presbyterian church to set up the Free Kirk. Brown's own Edinburgh middle-class family were Whig-Reform in politics, evangelical and non-intrusionist in their Presbyterianism. And both stands were ardently expounded to him by his father, who undoubtedly did more than anyone else to mould the mind of his son.

Peter Brown, a prominent wholesale merchant active in civic affairs, was well acquainted with the capital's literary and Whig social circles, and well acquainted besides with constitutional history, the writings of the masters of Scots Presbyterianism, and contemporary liberal political and economic doctrine. From him a receptive George Brown learned the significance of the separation of the church and state for progress, liberty, and truth: that a church-connected state suffered from sectarian strife in politics and the danger of clerical domination, while a state-connected church was degraded by sordid struggles for worldly power and squabbles over benefits from the public purse. He learned as well of the natural laws of economic freedom so indisputably determined by Adam Smith and his successors. And he came to know the merits of a balanced liberal constitution, wherein the forces of the selfish aristocracy and the unenlightened masses could both be held in check by the weight of the responsible, respectable (and middle) classes of society.

Though he was not quite eighteen when he left Scotland, Brown continued under this sort of tutelage; for in 1837 he accompanied his father to New York to help prepare the way for the rest of the family. There he began his career in journalism by assisting Peter Brown to publish the *British Chronicle*, a little weekly for the emigrant Scots community, very Whig-Liberal in its full reports of British politics. At the same time both Browns began to react sharply to the American political scene. As they saw it, republicanism boasted of liberty but practised slavery, scorned the hide-bound ways of Europe but kept up the old fallacy of tariff protection. Then too, its devotion to the false ideal of universal-suffrage democracy had merely led to the corrupt power of machine politicians and rule by the passions of the mob. And finally it seemed evident that Britain's parliamentary monarchy, cabinet system, and unwritten constitution were far superior to the unwieldy mechanism of American government, with its inflexible written prescriptions and jarring division of authority. George Brown did acquire a lasting respect for the vigor and free spirit of the individual American; but holding views such as these he could hardly live contentedly in the United States. Consequently, when in 1843 the Browns received an invitation to found a Free Kirk journal in Canada (thanks to the *British Chronicle's* glowing support of the non-intrusionists on the disruption of the Scottish Church), the son was quick to urge his father to make the change.

Moving to Toronto, they began the *Banner* as a Presbyterian sectarian paper. But within a few months their strong political convictions had all but inevitably committed them

to the Reform side in the contemporary Canadian struggle over responsible government, and George Brown launched out with his own secular Liberal political journal, the *Toronto Globe*. From the start in March of 1844, it expressed the basic ideas that he had acquired in his British background and American experience. Thus the principle of the separation of church and state resounded through the *Globe's* attacks on Anglican-controlled King's College, and determined its support of a wholly secular provincial university, the University of Toronto as erected by the Act of 1849. Thus Brown's free trade ideal made his paper welcome the ending of the old imperial preferences in the late 'forties, and look forward to the attainment of reciprocity with the United States as a step towards the rational removal of all tariff barriers. And hence as well, his enthusiasm for parliamentary institutions brought the *Globe* to view the pursuit of responsible government essentially as an effort to gain the crowning excellence of the British cabinet system for the colonial constitution.

The fifties brought the rise of sectional strife in the province of Canada, the collapse of the old Reform party, and the emergence of George Brown as leader of a reconstituted Upper Canadian Liberalism. His ideas were modified by existing conditions, but still the underlying pattern remained. Devotion to the British parliamentary model was expressed in his hostility to the new Clear Grit radical movement of the early 'fifties, whose demands for fully elective institutions he ardently condemned as republican and democratic, and destructive of the parliamentary principle. Furthermore, he kept up a rear-guard resistance to the widely supported proposal to make the upper house elective, on the grounds that two elected chambers would upset the workings of British cabinet government, which could hardly be responsible to two possibly opposed sets of representatives of the people. On the economic side, he fought protective tariff measures, not only as the evil consequences of government extravagance and the lobbying of special-interest groups, but because they flew in the face of the great truth of free trade. As for church-state relations, above all he identified himself, first, with the agitation that finally brought the abolition of the clergy reserves in 1854—on the principle that there should be no state endowment for religion—and, second, with the opposition to mounting Roman Catholic demands for separate school provisions—in the contention that state-supported education must be secular and not denominational in character.

In this last strenuous campaign, Brown has often been accused of simply giving vent to anti-Catholic bigotry. The harsh language of the *Globe* adds color to the charge, though vehemence was by no means all on one side in an age that violently expressed its religious and political antipathies. It is worth recalling that his stand against "Catholic aggression" in the matter of separate schools was based on a general political principle, which actually sought to take religious strife out of politics by denying any form of state connection to churches in a land of many different denominations. Yet Brown's fierce opposition to Catholic demands undoubtedly indicated more than the defence of a principle: rather, the influence of particular Canadian circumstances on the general pattern of his thinking. Canada then was an uneasy union of two discordant sections, the largely Protestant, English-speaking Upper Canada of the West and the strongly Catholic and French Lower Canada of the East. In terms of population Lower Canada was over-represented in the union parliament, and the compact power of French Canadian votes there could work to impose separate school legislation on the West against the will of its Protestant majority. And so, fired with Upper Canada's indignation at "French

Catholic domination" and filled with his own Free Kirk evangelical Protestant fervor, Brown could readily translate his concept of the separation of church and state into militant anti-Catholicism.

Canadian circumstances brought another adjustment in his attitude, when in the mid-fifties he came to terms with the Clear Grits who had been among his most bitter foes. The change came out of the final break-up of the old Reform party in 1854, that put the Liberal-Conservative coalition, and soon John A. Macdonald, in control of government. The Brownite and Clear Grit Reform fragments left in opposition gradually joined to build a new Liberal party, a potent combination appealing to western sectional discontents that brought together Brown's talents for leadership, the strong voice of the *Globe*, and the growing weight of Grit numbers in the agrarian West. Brown, however, achieved the reconstruction largely by turning the erstwhile Grit radicals from ultimate projects for democratizing the constitution to the immediate question of Upper Canada's wrongs. His past differences with the Clear Grits were laid aside, but he by no means became a democrat himself or gave up his objections to elective institutions on the American plan (though he did accept the American party convention). In fact, he virtually grafted British middle-class urban Liberalism on to Grit agrarian democracy, so that the end-product was the staid and moderate Victorian Liberal party in Ontario which passed on to Oliver Mowat's keeping—a far cry from the root-and-branch democracy of the early Clear Grit radicals.

Nevertheless Brown did identify the forces he directed with the demand for representation by population to end Lower Canada's preponderance of power; and this was a demand that had an ominously democratic ring, and was so attacked by his Conservative opponents. But Brown and his journal frequently asserted that applying this just principle to the allotment of parliamentary seats in no way involved the wholesale introduction of democracy. The *Globe* explained, moreover, that while it was possible to have a good deal wider franchise in Canada than in England, this was because there was a far higher proportion of respectable, property-holding "yeomanry" in the population—which still sounded more like the British middle-class Liberal approach to the question of the suffrage than the American democratic belief in the inalienable right of one man to one vote.

Yet the North American problem of sectionalism led to a further adjustment of Brown's thinking: to the acceptance of federalism, not closer legislative union, as the solution for Canada's problems. The result was the plan he advocated at the Reform Convention of 1859, a federal union of the two Canadas without the "organic changes" in political institutions which some Grit back-benchers still sought. British parliamentary patterns would be preserved, but combined with the federal principle: it was significant that the *Globe* termed this a "British-American" scheme of government. Within a few years Brown's Canadian federal plan was merged in the wider project for general British North American federation; but at the Quebec Conference of 1864 that drafted the design for Confederation he made clear that he had not forgotten his basic concern for the British parliamentary model. He again opposed an elective upper house in the new constitution, this time successfully. It was not that he expected great things from an appointed federal Senate. He stood rather on the ground that the American type of Senate, part of a system that divided power between President and two houses of Congress, could not be imported into a constitution that gave unity of power to a cabinet organically linked to a single elected chamber. Sectional feeling in the provinces might require a second

federal chamber; the principles of British cabinet government no less required that it should not be a competing elected body.

In short, in Confederation as in other political issues, Brown sought to maintain British institutions while adapting them to Canadian needs. He could be sharply critical of things British on occasion, but always within the limits set by his acceptance of a British heritage as fundamentally valuable to Canada. In a sense, this attitude dictated his whole approach to questions in Canadian-imperial relations. Treating imperial affairs as family affairs, his paper was ready to make scathing criticisms of British politicians and policies, in a manner that allowed conveniently shocked Conservative opponents to denounce it as subversive and republican, ignoring the repeated proofs to the contrary, and the *Globe's* inherent belief in the value of imperial connection. Brown and his journal, in fact, saw Canada as a new nation in North America ("We too are Americans," he declared), but a nation still within the framework of the British Empire and subordinate in its immaturity. Such a view could be assailed both by the more conservative, as trenching on disloyalty, and by the more radical as timid and old-fogey. Both attacks were made before Confederation. Afterwards, in the new national enthusiasm roused in the early years of the Dominion the noise of battle rose chiefly on the left, from idealistic nationalists contending with the *Globe*. As that paper lashed back at the Canada First group of the 'seventies and their ally of the moment, Goldwin Smith, it might have seemed that Brown had grown colonially-minded with advancing age. Actually, however, even in his most angry moments of denouncing imperial bumbling in times gone by, he had never really felt the impatient yearning for national recognition which now infused some of the "four millions of Britons who are not free." No doubt the simple truth was that times were moving on, and what had seemed a progressive viewpoint in Brown's own generation was becoming old-guard to its successor—which only further indicates that the basic pattern of his thought remained unaltered.

In similar fashion his views on economic policy remained in much the form that he had brought them to Canada, though once more there might be some adaptation to fit them to the Canadian situation. He conceded, for example, that full free trade on the British plan was inapplicable to Canada, since in an undeveloped country the main source of government revenue had still to be the tariff. Yet this should be kept as low as possible, without "artificial" protective rates, and government expenditure accordingly be held to the minimum. His belief in reciprocity with the United States persisted; though when in 1865 the Americans made clear that they would abrogate the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854 he was not willing to seek its renewal at all costs, and even left the coalition government formed to carry Confederation on this specific issue. Nevertheless it was notable that in 1874, after he had been out of active politics for seven years, Alexander Mackenzie's Liberal government sent him to Washington to negotiate a new treaty; and while his efforts failed, they signified his abiding interest in the project.

Just as abiding was his faith in the doctrines of economic liberalism, which the *Globe* preached with ceaseless zeal. Its editorials—and his speeches—frequently expounded the revealed natural laws of economics: not only with regard to tariff matters, but in respect of the abolition of usury legislation, the falsity of legal-tender schemes for paper currency, and the wrong-headedness of trade unionism. In this last connection Brown spoke with particular feeling as a newspaper proprietor who had to meet some of the first



manifestations of organized labor in Canada. When the *Globe* faced printers' strikes its readers were favored with specially full critiques of collective bargaining. In this Brown's reaction was merely that of most large employers of his day—and as an employer it seems that on the whole he was a fair-minded one. His trouble was that he was sufficiently well read in the prevailing canons to add intellectual horror to business annoyance over trade unions, and had the *Globe* in which to make it plain.

This comes close to a general conclusion on Brown's thinking. Many of his ideas were shared by large numbers of Canadians in his day: his distinction was that, as a leading journalist, he had the *Globe* in which to propound them so thoroughly. Yet this is not the full story. Brown's opinions were far more coherently organized on the basis of set principles, his ideas much more explicitly rendered, than were those of many of his contemporaries — including, specifically, most of his political colleagues and opponents. He may not have had the flexible practicality and intuitive understanding of a Macdonald. He may have lacked the depth of learning and intellectual grasp of a Goldwin Smith. But Macdonald had good reason to regard him as his ablest adversary, Smith to bewail his paper's "literary despotism". No one could dispute the force of Brown's mind, reasoning in supreme confidence from what were to him logical and tested propositions. And when one finds his views echoed by the multitude of the *Globe's* faithful, reshaping Clear Grit Liberalism, and working to precipitate the decisive sectional crisis that issued in Confederation—who can deny that that mind was a vital influence on the emerging character of a young Canadian nation?

## International Police and EDC

S. Mack Eastman

► ONE MAY BELIEVE in the principle of "collective security," yet refuse to approve certain concrete proposals formulated in its name. One might advocate a United Nations army or police force, yet oppose the now defunct European Defence Community Treaty and its "European Army" (cf. *Canadian Forum*, March, 1954, "France and EDC.")

It would seem that an essential difference between an international army proper and a police force or constabulary is that the former's ultimate function is to destroy the enemy power, while the latter's normal duty is to preserve or restore peace, to dissuade or halt an aggressor and re-establish the status quo; its power is not physical but symbolic of the total might of the union of nations to which it is responsible. The United Nations force provided for in the Charter (Chapter 7) was intended to combine the striking power of an army and the peace-saving mission of international police. In default of the Charter's army, Article 101, reinforced by a resolution of the General Assembly of 1946, has been held to authorize the creation of such additional staff as would be required for Mr. Lie's proposed "United Nations Guard" or the present "United Nations Emergency Force."

The UNEF is an *ad hoc* constabulary under General Burns, at the service of the General Assembly through Secretary-General Hammarskjöld. If it grew in importance and were made permanent, doubtless a special division of the Secretariat would be constituted for its management under the supreme authority of the Assembly. The abuse

of the veto has robbed the Security Council, at least temporarily, of its normal prerogative, and the General Assembly bids fair to become a law unto itself. The UNEF, born of crisis, has been improvised speedily and ably but haphazardly out of whatever materials the Secretary-General found appropriate and available and (be it confessed) acceptable to Egypt. It is utterly heterogeneous as to nationalities, languages, uniforms, weapons and training and has been assembled only through the good offices of governments able to provide transport and sustenance. Hence General Burns' insistence upon Canadian administrative personnel working in one language and according to one system and ensuring coherence. Otherwise the disparate elements might fly apart, and the intricate machinery break down.

The whole enterprise is experimental and unprecedented. UNEF has few acknowledged rights, and must tread warily. The assumption is that an aggressor would hesitate to fire upon the representative of the collective power of many nations, including the United States; yet one rash move might turn experiment into fiasco. The Emergency Force cannot enter a country except by invitation or agreement, nor protect those who refuse protection, nor as yet claim the right of passage intended by the Charter (Art. 43). Its physical strength is negligible, its only power, symbolical and hence political; yet its success or failure will be of vast consequence to the UN in particular and international relations in general. Accordingly it must make its own history by accepting realistically its own initial and sometimes humiliating limitations, remembering that it is the servant of a UN which itself represents merely co-operation among sovereign states, and which only recently gives signs of reaching out confusedly toward some measure of supra-national authority.

In contrast with these evolutionary and historically justifiable efforts toward UN policing, the six-nation army of "Little Europe," envisioned in the painfully elaborated and fantastically complicated EDC draft treaty, would have proven (had it been born alive) revolutionary and anti-historical as well as supra-national — as argued in the article on "France and the EDC" in the *Canadian Forum* of March, 1954. Five months later, the realist, Mendès-France acquiesced in its demise in the French National Assembly.

My present purpose is not to summarize that article but to examine a somewhat neglected structural feature of the projected army which, when finally exposed in the Assembly, is believed to have caused a shift against the Treaty of 30 or 40 determining votes. The marvel is that nevertheless a minority of Catholic, Socialist and other devotees of European integration remained steadfast in the faith and also in their characteristic trust in the efficacy of signed documents.

Parenthetically, let us note the disquieting fact that the crucial Articles 20 and 24 of the Treaty were obviously never studied by the host of American and Canadian editors, columnists, broadcasters and even preachers who ardently pressed for prompt European military amalgamation. Yet its text was available from External Affairs.

After its rejection, outstanding military critics and high officials in Germany, Britain and the United States felt free to confess that they had always disapproved of what General de Gaulle had considered a "nightmarish" fantasy, and what *The New Statesman* had later ridiculed as "monstrous supra-national contraptions," a sort of trap into which neither Britain nor the United States (nor Canada) would ever think of falling themselves, but into which they had tried to push France. At all events, concluded eminent generals, it was unworkable. "Good European" Jean Monnet



had, through a false analogy, modelled his military EDC on his industrial coal and steel community, but armies cannot be handled like mines and foundries.

The critics' chief target, the central organ in the proposed multinational army (in a common uniform) was the *Commissariat*. Its nine Commissioners (two each for France, Germany and Italy, and one each for Belgium, Luxembourg and the Netherlands) were to be appointed for a six-year term and totally independent of their governments—or changes of government! Their binding decisions concerning the regular military life of their dissimilar nations were to be taken by simple majority: 5 to 4. Only political questions fell within the purview of the Council of Ministers. Thus the Commissioners' supra-national powers were wide and unprecedented.

Either, then, these nine men would de-nationalize their own minds and work together in magical and unhistorical harmony as a military technocracy ruling "Little Europe," or else, and more credibly, become locked in an inner struggle for control of the prodigious machine. In the latter alternative, authority would go infallibly to the strongest, a restored and eventually re-armed Germany yearning dangerously (at least after Adenauer) for her "lost lands," and expecting the support of her allies for their recovery. The tiny Benelux states would not normally dare refuse her their three votes. Italy's two votes might change sides, but France could never command a majority and her forces in Europe would be virtually under the control of her partners. Moreover, the North Atlantic Treaty does not oblige the United States to maintain troops in Europe, and in case of their withdrawal, France would have remained locked up with her formidable neighbors in the steel cage of EDC.

Furthermore, despite Article 13 and Protocol 6, the aforesaid partners and the American Supreme Commander of NATO would have been able to delay or prevent France's despatch of troops overseas if they could argue successfully that "the withdrawal of troops involved was of such a nature as to compromise the security of the Community." True, when the Algerian revolt did erupt, General Gruenher frankly declared that Algeria was legally NATO territory and "indispensable" to European defence; but had EDC been already functioning, it is unlikely that Germany and Italy, shorn of their own colonies, would have generously consented to France's withdrawal of Community troops to save hers. In case of a clash over so grave a matter, EDC might well have blown up from internal combustion. Some Germans still express nostalgia for EDC and indifference to NATO, but the subconscious reason in many cases could be that Germany would have dominated the former but cannot dominate the latter.

As for EDC's bearing upon the briefly envisaged "Europeanization" of the Saar, I believe that with or without EDC, the utterly German Saarland was bound to rejoin its Fatherland, and that Franco-German relations and the prospects for closer social-economic co-operation in Europe are better today because the contentious EDC died finally of inanition.

In summary then, whereas a UN force is subordinate to a supreme political authority, the EDC Treaty, in the absence of any political head for "Little Europe," required of its six component states immediate surrender of important segments of their national sovereignties to a supra-national army. This disquieting feature, when clearly perceived, alienated much legal and military opinion and all nationalistic emotion, especially in France.

Happily we received in exchange a substitute organization less ambitious and better adapted to contemporary reality, namely the Western European Union, a grand co-operative

alliance with Germany and France included and Britain the founding mother.

## Radio and Television

### Miriam Waddington

► THERE IS A POEM by L. A. MacKay which begins:

"I dreamt that Gabriel, seeing the world so glum,  
Weary of waiting for the word to come,  
Muted his dread trump to a merry hum  
And ushered in the gay Millennium.  
Then all Creation in a mighty ring  
Stood for a space, mirthfully carolling;  
All sang as one, all but one only thing,  
For the *Canadian Forum* would not sing."\*

It would not sing then, and judging by recent television drama, there is nothing to sing about now; we are still very much on this side of the gay Millennium. When it comes to radio drama the world does not look quite so glum, mostly because radio as a medium has already been pioneered. It is charted country, and a talented producer can find his way in it without much difficulty. The actors too, if their training has been primarily in radio, have cultivated to a very fine degree the use of their voices, and the lack of visual dimension has freed them from exacting the same control from their bodies. This has been evident where individuals have tried to move from radio to television, only to find that a voice is only one part of that wonderful and perplexing human instrument which we call an actor.

Besides, Ed Sullivan is on television at the same hour that radio is offering *CBC Stage*. No program director need lose any sleep over the fact that Mr. Ljungh is busily catering to the highbrow tastes of the minority with adaptations of such classics as *Peer Gynt* and *Medea*. Incidentally, both plays were repeats of earlier programs which were adapted and produced in the forties, before there was any big money to be made by writing for radio, and long before television began to provide so many of our starving businessmen with work.

I therefore intend to run true to *Forum* and proclaim my unsmiling dissatisfaction with most of the dramatic offerings on television. This is not because I am hard to satisfy, nor do I believe I am setting too high a standard. I confess that my attitude to plays on television is conditioned by a love for theatre, and by the fact that most Canadians now have the opportunity of seeing good, live theatre. This naturally tends to corrupt the judgment, and causes concern for the poverty of particular plays as well as for the general trend which seems to be emerging.

The most obvious characteristic of this trend can be discerned in the kind of play that is being chosen for television. For the past four months, the script bureau, or whoever chooses the plays, seems to have been dominated by an absolute hatred of good stories. "The life of the rank and file intellectual," says Wyndham Lewis, "revolves about a half dozen childish epithets and the emotions aroused by their utterance." One cannot help concluding that the choosers of television plays must also be in love with their own stereotyped image of a moronic populace, and they are unquestionably committed to producing only a certain kind of play. Most of the plays I have seen had one thing in common; they have studiously avoided picturing real life or dealing with serious human issues. When they have attempted to deal with serious issues they have failed to accept the limitations of the medium—its intimacy, the need for a firm, calm camera, and above all, for a controlled

\* THE ILL-TEMPERED LOVER; Macmillan; 1945.

camera—or they have accepted the serious intention of the author, as in *Acrobats* (Jan. 13—Television Theatre), in place of the serious achievement.

The tendency here is to blame the writers. Nothing could be more unjust. Most television writers are what Gosse called honest purveyors of deciduous fiction, and as such, they are just as capable of writing one kind of play as another. That they write the kind we have been seeing on television lately, is further proof that this is what they are encouraged to write.

No one is more sensitive to variable market conditions than the successful commercial writer. The ability to gauge what the market will buy and when, is a large part of the skill of such a writer. It has to be, or he would soon be driven to earn his living as a teacher, a writer of newspaper editorials, or the manager of a hardware store.

If our television system were controlled by private advertisers, this state of affairs would be normal enough. When we consider that we, the public, are actually paying salaries out of tax money so that these cultural bureaucrats can *insult* and bore us week after week via the magic screen, then the situation can only be explained as masochism on a mass scale.

There was, for example, the *Folio* offering, *Dawn, Day and Night* (Dec. 5). Described as a "romantic duel" in the *CBC Times*, this monument to dead conventions was written by an Italian writer, Dario Niccodemi (1877-1934), and exhumed for adaptation by an English actor, Robert Rietty, who first propped up this hollow corpse for the BBC, and then exported it to Canada, figuring that it couldn't offend a clam. Well, it couldn't.

For a whole hour I sat, hoping something would happen, but all that happened was that boy met girl, boy fell for

girl and vice versa, boy fought duel—just for the sport of it, since what value has human life except as a game, a masquerade? Then boy won girl because that is one of the accepted conventions in this kind of play. Throughout, not one interesting word was spoken, not one emotion was expressed, but there was lots of flutter. It is by no means easy to avoid expressing a single idea in an hour of dialogue. Writers may have had to do it in fascist Italy and Germany, but why does this corpse have to spend its furlough on Canadian television? Perhaps ideas are in greater danger today than I had imagined.

Then there was Mordecai Richler's *Acrobats* (Television Theatre, Jan. 13). Here we had "the grand name without the grand thing." The play opens with the oracular utterance, "There is a smell of death about him," and it goes on to assemble a most colorful lot of Spaniards complete with guitars, gypsy music, posters depicting bull fights, and the fatalism which Hemingway has celebrated elsewhere. Evil is represented by two Germans, a stolen passport, and an implied incestuous relationship. The good is vested in the person of an excitable Canadian painter evidently determined to put Canada on the map, judging by the number of times he takes the name of our beautiful land in vain. He is the typical poor mixed-up kid we hear so much about, and he cannot find any values to believe in except his love for a cafe dancer. The verbal declarations of this love are accompanied by awkward unpractised gestures which would have been better offstage than on.

Superficially, this play had everything—music, crowds, *weltschmerz*, love, crime, perversion, politics. One thing only was missing—what Pogo so engagingly calls a little bit of interlick. On the technical side, the lighting was very good; the mixture of accents among the actors, very bad. The camera roamed nervously, tried to involve too many people. A play on television has to be like chamber music—small and concentrated. It is no use trying to make it resemble symphonic music, because television simply does not possess one hundred and fifty instruments.

*On Camera* is a half hour programme which is worth watching. Hugh Garner's *Some Are So Lucky* slipped through the space curtain on December 17, and showed what can be done in half an hour, given a script which has genuine content, and actors who can interpret that content. It's true that we often get sloppy acting on television (Leo Orenstein's direction of Arthur Hailey's *Time Lock*), but the best actors in the world could not have made the romantic Italian confection, mentioned earlier, more palatable. Given a merely average play such as *A Silent Cry* (Television Theatre, Dec. 9), two accomplished actors like Barry Morse and the man who played the tramp were able to lift it above the routine mood piece into something which possessed an individual character. Hampered as they were by a script which wasn't sure of its own intentions, they were greatly assisted by unusually good camera work, and lighting which fully recognized the range of black and white, and the corresponding emotional gradations. I wish I knew the names of the technicians concerned; they deserve to be singled out by more than a fleeting mention on the television screen.

But what is the use of actors trying to live into a part that has no relation to life, or to the concerns of real people? I don't happen to believe that writing plays is a business. The test of an actor is to give him a part that hasn't just been written off the top of someone's head, but which has been imaginatively experienced by a writer who may even hold to the old-fashioned notion that drama is an art, which, by a process of selection, or reduction, interprets life.

And that is what Hugh Garner attempted with his short

## National Communism and Popular Revolt in Eastern Europe

A SELECTION OF DOCUMENTS  
ON EVENTS  
IN POLAND AND HUNGARY  
FEBRUARY — NOVEMBER 1956

The documents assembled here, edited by PAUL E. ZINNER, are from Hungary, Poland, Yugoslavia, and Russia and reveal the attitude of Communists on the events that were initiated by the anti-Stalin declaration of the 20th Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. Included are speeches by Gomulka, Nagy, Rakosi, Gero, Cyrankiewicz, and Tito and newspaper editorials and government and party communiques from the countries involved. The documents, many of which have not appeared in translation before and are very difficult to obtain, are reproduced in their entirety.

\$3.50

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play, *Some Are So Lucky*. There is not much story—a man and woman meet by chance and recapitulate an adolescent relationship over a couple of drinks. Garner wasn't afraid to explore the meaning the earlier relationship had for each—and he cleverly contrasted these meanings. In a very short space of time, with few props, he managed to suggest the viciousness of the woman, her vulnerability, and the depth of the alcoholic problem in which she was caught. The man, who did none of the Richler hero's soul-searching, came through as a walled-in and curiously sweet-natured person; the effect which this re-evaluation of his boyhood experience had on him was merely hinted at. However, it was all so carefully done, so well-acted, that it made a very satisfying dramatic incident.

I suppose this proves that there is some good in the worst of us, even in and on television. All the same, I am thinking of applying for a grant from the Canada Arts Council so I can retire to a little Winnipeg shack with a pile of woollen rags, some clean old potato sacks, and a sharp scissors. I could then spend the rest of my life hooking rugs emblazoned with Rawhide's motto for the uplift of our mass communications system, DUNTON: Don't Unload Nonsense and Trash On the Nation.

## Film Review

### Joan Fox

► EVERY PRODUCER has his cherished weakness. How else to explain such extraordinary lapses in taste as Kramer's stallions or Hitchcock's voyeurism? The public is more indulgent with its favorites than the critic. He vacillates between condemning these eruptions as gross self-indulgence and applauding the will-power which bulled them through. A film that arouses both reactions simultaneously has that ambiguous quality called "a horrible fascination". This is the dubious distinction of *Joe Macbeth*, a curious movie which compels unwilling but unrepentant admiration.

The transformation of Shakespeare's *Macbeth* into a contemporary American gangster film may be a good idea if it is true, as continental critics claim, that gangster and western melodramas are the most typical and significant art forms of twentieth century culture. But the attempt to bring a Tudor blood-and-thunder recipe up to date has produced a rather decadent pudding. The cooks, producers M. J. Frankovich and George Maynard, director Ken Hughes, and script writer Philip Yordan, have taken a scullery approach. The Macbeths have lost their consciences and tragedy there is none. "Blood will have blood" the final title tells us but the audience may be forgiven for feeling "If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly".

The locale appears to be New York but the only natives in the cast are the principals, Paul Douglas and Ruth Roman. Consequently the audience is preoccupied with two dilemmas: how convincing is the all-British cast? and how close is the plot to *Macbeth*?

The plot adheres to Shakespeare's with a rough sort of consistency. Joe (Macbeth), newly married to Lily (Lady M.), becomes second in command to gang-boss Duca (Duncan) and under his orders liquidates rival gang-leader Dutch (a Norwegian lord no doubt). Lily, dominated by the modern shibboleths of security and success, goads Joe to become "King Pin" rather than merely "Number One Boy". A fortune-teller, Rosie (a witch), sways him with hints and prophecies and he reluctantly agrees to murder Duca during a week-end party. His longtime friend Banky (Banquo) remains loyal to him but Banky's son Lennie (Fleance) resents Joe's usurpation of his father's

seniority. Joe hires two thugs to murder Lennie. They succeed only in finishing off Banky. When Banky's ghost appears at Joe's banquet, Joe is demoralized and his henchmen shaken; the thugs do in Lennie's wife and baby; Lily's mind becomes unbalanced (her doctor recommends a psychiatrist); Joe and Lily barricade themselves in their mansion; Joe accidentally shoots Lily (she is sleepwalking) and Lennie, having sworn vengeance, shoots Joe. Machine guns, sirens, finis.

Malcolm and Donalbain have been omitted altogether while Macduff and Fleance have been amalgamated into one character, Lennie, whose wife and baby replace Lady Macduff and children. Minor elements are expedient but nice. There is a butler who mumbles "If I were a porter in hell . . ." Rosie, the crystal-ball-gazer, is a frustrated tragedian and even quotes a few lines: "Ah! Noble Macbeth" . . . "When shall we three meet again?" . . . Her cards were "got off the body of a hanged murderer"—one of many such touches. The transference of blank verse to vulgar colloquialisms has a wild weird humor, Lennie comments on Joe Macbeth's rise, "Mac's really living it up . . . you should be here, pop", and this is the dialogue when Duca arrives for the week-end party:

Duca: "I like this house. The breeze from the lake gives it a sweet smell. Did you ever see so many birds? They must like it."

Lennie: "Birds don't know from nothing. Like people . . ."

At the same time the American scene is established by vernacular like "Take a powder", "Get lost", "Holy cow",





and "O.K." Joe dismisses the two thugs with "Show these two creeps into the cellar."

The cast, familiar from hundreds of British movies about the seedy cockney underworld, maintain a uniform level of Americanization, delivering their dialogue with verve and keeping their "h"s completely under control. The remnants of Tottenham Court Road accent which linger lend an off-beat flavor. Sidney James' Banky, Bonar Colleano's Leannie, Gregoire Aslan's Duca, Minerva Pious' Rosie, and Harry Green's Dutch are creations worthy of a superior film. Dutch provides the most polished exhibition of gourmand vulgarity seen on the screen since Charles Laughton's Henry VIII. In fact he should figure in some prize list for devouring oysters more obscenely than Laughton demolished chicken.

Paul Douglas has a heavy, gigantic, obtuse and troubled air which carries him through his role. Ruth Roman is very hard and somehow just the right foil for him as Lily. In her short white tight wedding dress she reflects the same quality as the Gothic stained glass figure she gazes into in her first scene — brittle, artificially lighted, and portentous. The bouquet of lilies she flings in Joe's face exemplifies the brazen symbolism which fills the picture and makes it so engrossing in its common way.

The macabre atmosphere is something very special. If art director Alan Harris is responsible for the mansion which serves as Macbeth's castle, he deserves a lot of credit. Deep focus photography intensifies the unearthly cavernous depth of the great empty rooms and the ringing bare parquet floors, long narrow damask drapes, and sparse furnishings accentuate their hollowness. The bric-a-brac has a pretentious tastelessness which only Harrods could provide in an expensive weak moment. The set has the same unreality in relation to current gangster films as the sets of theatrical designers usually have to pre-Christian Scotland. It is all a hallucination in someone's mind and its unreality is what is expected. This surrealistic illusion is heightened by the very clever use of ominous sound effects. Thunder and lightning crash when the porter enters the scene, a muffled bell tolls steadily in the background, voices reverberate. In the midst of all this atmosphere several scenes stand out as prototypes of directorial skill: Dutch dining, Joe's banquet for his henchmen — a study of bruising coarseness swamped in elegant accoutrements, and the eerie murder of Duca. Through dark trees, moonlight plays on the lake and on the creepy white flesh and robes of the swimmers, Duca, Lily and Joe. The water is tangibly icy, gulls whirl and caw, hands reach out and grab bare ankles. The water boils, bells ring wildly, and Duca is knifed under water. Lily swims out to retrieve the knife left in the corpse — a formidable Lady Macbeth! And a formidable movie if you hanker for a spot of the grotesque.

## Correspondence

The Editor:

I take exception to your book review column being used as a battleground of personalities. The impression left by Kildare Dobbs' review of Dudek's "Transparent Sea" is unfortunate. Acrimony belongs in correspondence, not in the serious consideration of poems which should be judged on their own merits, or lack of them.

From Dobbs' review the reader would be impelled to believe, (1) that Dobbs disliked Dudek intensely; (2) that the book itself is tripe. I concede that Dobbs is amusing and witty (I laughed), but suggest that in this era in which poetry is dying unsung, those interested might take the obsequies seriously. The emaciated muse may not be subject for applause, but neither for one-sided abuse. Dudek isn't

as bad as Dobbs thinks, nor as good as Dudek thinks (or Layton).

Humor, by all means, not venom. Wit too, not acrimony. Let Demosthenes Dobbs and Philip Dudek continue their warfare in the letter column or under the grandstand — but what was the book about? A.W. Purdy, Montreal, P.Q.

P.S. I don't agree with Miriam Waddington's assessment of Richler's "The Acrobats," and Garner's lantern slide slice of the past, but probably Richler and Garner are very nice men. A.W.P.

### To Kildare Dobbs

What a delight it is to hear  
mother humming a Mozart aria  
when the Magic Flute is on  
— as, when The Messiah began,  
she called her two friends  
to tell them to listen.

Culture

is no less, a matter of what you love,  
a capacity to take delight in,  
that the miscreant cannot share.

But das Volk

is not "the people",  
nor is correctness the aim  
of good manners or translation.

Louis Dudek.

## Turning New Leaves

► A CARDINAL FEATURE in the life of Canada as a North American state is the absence of a revolutionary tradition. The major nations of the western hemisphere have all had revolutions, which in one form or another left a significant heritage of political myths and traditions. But from the Treaty of Paris in 1763 Canada would seem almost to have been dedicated to gradualism and compromise. Many are the reasons for this, but obvious is the fact that the social and political environment of the nineteenth century permitted British institutions in the colony to develop in step with changing needs as the institutions of the Old Empire in the eighteenth century evidently could not. Like the other dominions of the modern Commonwealth Canada became a direct beneficiary of Britain's own advancing liberalism and democracy. Its system of responsible government evolved as the system of responsible government and national policy in Britain itself evolved. Its political leaders were guided in their attack upon popular grievances by the same empirical thinking which guided British leaders. Hence it avoided the revolution which Britain itself avoided, and shared in the triumphs of the parliamentary idea.

Such reflections are suggested by a fresh study of the rebellion of 1837 and its chief leader. This rebellion was the nearest thing to a revolutionary venture in the Canadian story. It was a genuine if futile attempt to overcome the difficulties of reform by a resort to physical force, and in *The Firebrand*\* William Kilbourn engagingly traces its course under the erratic leadership of William Lyon Mackenzie. The author's purpose, as he remarks at the outset, is to tell a story and interpret a character, and he admirably succeeds. In the archives of Ottawa and Toronto he has dug into the main documentary sources on Mackenzie's life, but to borrow a phrase from Tennyson, he wears his learning "lightly like a flower." He writes throughout with verve and

\*THE FIREBRAND, WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE AND THE REBELLION IN UPPER CANADA: William Kilbourn; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 283; \$5.00.

**Faction**

We have decided to make night  
For a small uncertain star  
Have we the right to make night  
Night on the world and on our heart  
For a spark?  
Will it shine  
In the sky immense desert?

We have decided to make night  
For our part  
To let night loose on the earth  
When we know what it is  
What beast it is  
When we have known what desert  
It makes for our eyes in its passing

We have decided to let night loose on the earth  
When we know what it is  
And to take its solitary watch  
For a star which still isn't sure  
Which will perhaps be a shooting star  
Or the counterfeit flash of an illusion  
In the cavern which our yearning eyes  
Hollow out within us.

*Saint-Denys-Garneau.*

(translated by Jean Beaupré and Gael Turnbull)

**Perpetual Beginning**

A man of a certain age  
Rather young and rather old  
Wearing preoccupied eyes  
And colourless glasses  
Is sitting at the foot of a wall  
At the foot of a wall facing a wall

He says I'm going to count from one to a hundred  
At one hundred it will be finished  
Sometime once and for all  
I start one two and the rest

But at seventy-three he's not very sure

It's as when one thought to count the strokes of midnight  
and came to eleven  
It's dark, how to know?  
One tries to reconstruct the rhythm with the intervals  
But when did it begin?

And one awaits the next hour

He says come on it's got to stop  
Let's start again, sometime  
Once and for all  
From one to a hundred  
One . . .

*Saint-Denys-Garneau.*

(translated by Jean Beaupré and Gael Turnbull)

**Concerning This Child**

Concerning this child who didn't want to die  
And of whom we have cherished at least the likeness like a  
portrait in a picture frame in a living room  
It's possible that we could be tremendously mistaken on  
his account.

He was perhaps not made for the high priesthood as we  
believed

He was perhaps only a child like others  
And high only for our lowliness

And luminous only for our great shadow without anything  
at all  
(Let's bury him, with the picture frame and all).

He has brought us here like a squirrel which loses us behind  
it in the forest

And our care and our cunning was completely wasted seek-  
ing obstinately in the underbrush

Our eyes were completely unnerved seeking its leap in the  
underbrush.

Our whole soul was lost laying in ambush for his passing  
which has lost us

We thought to discover the new world in the light of his  
eyes

We believed that he was going to return us to the lost  
paradise.

But now let's bury him, at least the picture frame with the  
likeness

And all the tentative paths we have beaten down in his  
pursuit

And all the inviting traps we have set to catch him.

*Saint-Denys-Garneau.*

(translated by Jean Beaupré and Gael Turnbull)

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combe, England (Est. 1898).

imagination, and has an acute eye for those apt details which give background and atmosphere. Mackenzie and his contemporaries come to life.

Mr. Kilbourn's portrait hardly alters the view of Mackenzie found in the standard histories. The doughty little highlander still remains a crank of the first order. To his credit he had a burning passion for social justice and a sound enough insight into the many abuses of government in Upper Canada, but he had no solid political talent. Beyond an acute exposure of wrongs suffered by citizens, he had little more to exhibit than a demagogue's specious arts and momentary triumphs. His social utility was that of a gadfly. He was profuse in doctrinal affirmations derived from British radicalism and Jeffersonian democracy, but taken as a whole his political thinking was muddled and unstable. Unlike an effective reformer he could not patiently devote himself to the task of bringing the harsh and stubborn circumstances of a situation into subjection, and then change them. With a highland fury he rushed to transform them overnight. When he failed, as was almost inevitable, he conspired to overthrow the existing regime by physical force. In a remarkably clumsy and ludicrous attempt at revolution he enlisted the support of some trustful and well-meaning souls who were provoked out of patience by the complacent selfishness and petty arbitrariness of the Family Compact. Most of them lived to repent of their action.

Mr. Kilbourn tells his story well, but unfortunate is his assumption that it leads nowhere, and that therefore he is under no obligation to place Mackenzie and the revolt in a broad historical perspective. His general conclusion, which is much too briefly sketched in the Introduction, is that the episodes of 1837 were no more than a blind side-road, which did not connect with the main highway of national development. Mackenzie's methods were not to become the characteristic method of Canadian progress; they were to have no admirers and no imitators. They were to create no folklore. All this is true enough up to a point, but it oddly neglects the place of vigorous protests however erratic and embittered in quickening the pace of gradual reform and political adjustment. After all Mackenzie and his inept rebellion had something to do with Lord Durham's mission, his *Report*, and what followed. The events of 1837 did not promptly cease to have domestic meaning, and in the relations of Canada with the United States they had some evident effects. Historians can contribute to an understanding of the physiology of Canadian gradualism and the effects on it for good or ill of such sudden spasms as that of 1837. Without greatly extending his otherwise entertaining book, Mr. Kilbourn might have done more to illuminate this interesting theme.

ALEXANDER BRADY.

## Books Reviewed

A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH SPEAKING PEOPLES:  
II. THE NEW WORLD: Winston S. Churchill; McClelland & Stewart Limited; pp. 433; \$6.50.

And now that the second volume of Sir Winston's *History* is out you may feel slightly let down. What the professional students of British history may say about it, I've not the least idea. Some of them liked the first volume and some of them didn't too much, and some of them probably preferred not to consider it in just the same way they consider other histories. So perhaps they will divide in similar fashion now. But the general reader may well think that he enjoyed himself more with the first volume. If he asks himself why this is so, he may be hard put to find a suitable answer. Is the quality different? Is the imaginative quality any different? Is the material any less interesting? Probably not.

Probably it is all of a piece. Perhaps it is merely that the reader is changed, or is in a disgruntled mood, or wishes he were doing something else.

At all events, it is possible to feel that the first instalment was better. Even the title of the first volume seemed to be better: it said more or less what the book was about. The second title does not. This book is not about the New World. It has some pages on the New World, to be sure, but you may as well be warned beforehand: it's about the Old World. There are a couple of chapters on "The Round World" and "The Mayflower" of course, but it would be incorrect to suggest that these are anything but perfunctory and inadequate. Certainly everyone will have to admit that they make a mighty small tail to wag the dog. And even if this remark seems no more than a wretched quibble, still one must make it. This second volume is about Tudor and Stuart England down to 1688. It is exactly what its author modestly claimed the work to be at the outset, a personal view of things, and if it doesn't seem quite so brisk and gay as its predecessor, nevertheless it is unmistakably its father's child.

It is all immensely personal. And it is, as you would expect, mostly about personalities, about heroes and lesser men, and great men who were less than heroes. Those figures who were not especially sparkling or public in their display get a rather reduced treatment. One might have thought, for instance, that Henry VII rated a little more than he gets in the way of sheer pages, even if great respect is paid to him for what is called his "massive and durable" achievement. His more notorious successor is flattered by considerable space for his very public private life and his state activities, the reign's executions passing for "a hideous blot upon his record," and its naval, parliamentary, religious and monarchical advances for a substantial contribution to national greatness and unity. Cunning old Elizabeth is celebrated in the traditional way as "Good Queen Bess" and "Gloriana," and James I pretty much despised as a Scottish pedant who was in conflict with the temper of his people. Toward Charles I Sir Winston shows himself both critical and sympathetic, for the king was "a despot, but an unarmed despot," led to his doom really by an evil genius (Archbishop Laud, who finally had his head "chopped off in a dignified manner"), but not before quitting this world in an admirable pose ("His troublous, ill-starred reign had shown him in many wrong attitudes; but at the end he was to be granted by Fate the truly magnificent and indisputable role of the champion of English—nay, British, for all the Island was involved—rights and liberty.").

Evidently the seventeenth century interests the author a good deal more than the sixteenth. The Civil War is the great theme, treated in some detail in this relatively brief book. Cromwell, like Charles I, takes on proportions somewhat more convincingly than earlier masters of the realm. Naturally this "reluctant and apologetic dictator," this "harsh, terrific, lightning-charged being, whose erratic, opportunist, self-centred course is laid bare upon the annals" does not escape condemnation. But he is finally adjudged "gigantic, glowing, indispensable, the sole agency by which time could be gained for healing and growth." And so too Charles II gets a mixed reception, condemned for his too attractive vices and his Court life ("one unceasing flagrant and brazen scandal"), praised for the last years of his reign and his single-purposed fight for the principle of hereditary monarchy.

One could go on. A great parade of people passes. All more or less engaged in the enormous struggle over liberty and order, all marshalled and disciplined by this nineteenth century "child of the House of Commons." Each one is cogently labelled, each measure of praise and condemnation



seems rather grand and human, full of experienced human, liberal, understanding. But still, for one general reader, the book seemed to lack a compelling interest. And one wondered why. There was of course little of the now very old "New History," but then one did not expect to find it. There was little really about England, little sense of what the English people might be. And yet the old verve was there, if not at the top of its form; the language was racy enough, the action moved, the tales of daring were no less conspicuous, the familiar brand of jokes was not missing. The sensational poked through in such a scene as the execution of Mary Queen of Scots ("In death the majestic illusion was shattered. The head of an ageing woman with false hair was held up by the executioner. A lapdog crept out from beneath the clothes of the bleeding trunk"). The insignificant, but necessary touches of the genuine story-teller lay scattered along the way (like the one about Cranmer's wife riding around in the baggage). The allusions are sly as always ("... and girlish romps took place in her bedroom that led to scandal"). And there were the usual comparisons between that age and the present time of writing which reflected once again the severity of the author's judgment of his own era. No doubt about it, this was another book from the same old master.

It was all just as rich and quaint and out-of-date as most of Sir Winston's prose. But it palled a little, like a picture book that was too long, like a movie that was too unreal, like a story you heard long, long ago and remembered not for itself but for the way it made you feel then, and which now, being heard again in more or less the same way, no longer made you feel that way at all. And really, perhaps that was the trouble with it—or rather, with you. It ought to have been, and it wasn't, the first time.

And you wondered whether the book would have seemed different had you been younger, a lot younger, twenty years younger. It might. But it probably wouldn't have been right then, either. Not even if you realized who had written it.

John C. Cairns.

#### UNITY AND VARIETY IN MUSLIM CIVILIZATION:

Gustave E. von Grunebaum; University of Toronto Press (Univ. of Chicago Press); pp. 385; \$6.00.

In September, 1953, the above theme was discussed by a conference of 18 leading Islamologists, held at Spa in Belgium under the sponsorship of the Universities of Chicago and Liège and with the support of the Ford Foundation. The chairman was Professor von Grunebaum (author of the excellent work, *Medieval Islam, A Study in Cultural Orientation*, Chicago, 1946); the secretary-rapporteur, Professor J. Duchesne-Guillemin of Liège. *Unity and Variety in Muslim Civilization* makes available the papers read at the conference and summaries of the discussions provoked by each.

Islam holds up to its adherents an ideal of unity: one God, one final revelation, one law theoretically based on that revelation, one political community and even one culture. Travellers and students never fail to recognize in every Muslim land and its culture, except perhaps Indonesia, a distinct if indefinable common cachet. Yet sectarian divisions have had the greatest historical importance, and modern attitudes towards the faith, both among the masses and among the educated, differ considerably. The law (though virtually one, because the differences between the schools are unimportant) has never been universally applied; everywhere and in every period it has been supplemented by the enactments of secular rulers until in most countries to-day it only covers matters of personal status and in Turkey has been eliminated altogether, while tribal groups from Arabia itself to Afghanistan and Morocco, and majorities of the population in the more recently converted Muslim

lands such as Indonesia and tropical Africa, continue to be governed mainly by indigenous pre-Islamic customary law. The ideal of political unity has never been achieved in practice since 750 A.D. Research has revealed the overwhelming importance of non-Islamic contributions to the formation of the civilization of classical Islam itself, and their continued importance in every modern local Muslim civilization, though in some much more than in others.

The problem is significant not only in regard to such questions as the nature of modern Muslim nationalisms but also in regard to the methodology of research and teaching. Hitherto in the West as in the East these have been carried on as a rule within the general framework of Islamic Studies. Is this necessary, desirable or feasible?

Part I of the book discusses this general problem. Professor von Grunebaum gives a valuable introductory historical survey, which also makes use of the rather difficult concepts and terms of modern American anthropology. In the ensuing discussion, Professor V. Minorsky (London) claimed that Islam must be seen as an instrument through which Muslim groups have sought to justify actions which they would have taken anyhow, while Professor von Grunebaum inclined more to the view that it should be seen as a determinant of those actions. Professor R. Brunschvig (Bordeaux) deals with the question of methodology and suggests possible (but in this reviewer's opinion for the most part hardly feasible) tests for determining the extent to which different civilizations may be regarded as predominantly Islamic and therefore studied as such. Professor F. Meier of Basle, who is a psychologist as well as a Persian scholar, is however doubtful of the value of research into the origins of Islamic mysticism and emphasizes that the psychological backgrounds of mystic tendencies are the same everywhere.

In Part II, the more important common manifestations of Islamic civilization are discussed with particular reference to their largely non-Islamic origins: the law by Professor J. Schacht (Leiden), art by Dr. R. Ettinghausen (Washington) and the body politic by Professor C. Cahen (Strasbourg). Professor Schacht's paper for the most part summarizes his monumental and revolutionary *Origins of Mohammedan Jurisprudence* (Oxford, 1950) but includes a useful analysis of the religious problem facing reformist Muslim legislators to-day. Dr. Ettinghausen's paper is particularly valuable because it breaks entirely new ground.

Part III is devoted to the regional evolutions of Muslim civilization. Professor B. Spuler considers the fact that the governmental institutions regarded as typically Muslim were borrowed from Sasanian Persian models, as early Muslim sources themselves acknowledge; he emphasizes that our knowledge of this subject (which he has treated authoritatively in his *Iran in früh-islamischer Zeit* (Wiesbaden, 1950) can only be increased by further research into the nature of the Sasanian institutions, which may be possible through Syriac and Armenian sources. He also broaches, but does not discuss, the subject of the influence of the Iranian "spirit" on the formation of Islamic law—an interesting subject, but one probably too intangible for objective study. Professor Minorsky summarizes the politico-religious history of Persia and emphasizes the importance of class factors, particularly in the rise of Shi'ism. Professor A. Abel (Brussels) discusses the failure of Islam in Spain; Professors G. W. J. Drewes (Leiden) and J. N. D. Anderson (London) discuss its spread in Indonesia and tropical Africa respectively. In both areas this has been largely due to its tolerance of local beliefs and customs, which still predominate, though Professor Drewes describes how in Indonesia they have been challenged by orthodox "reformism" (or

fundamentalism) and more recently by modernism. These two papers are particularly valuable because no such surveys of their subjects have hitherto been available in English. Professor R. Le Tourneau (Algiers) sees in the religious history of North Africa a chronic tendency to stagnation, the orthodoxy of the learned being more than ordinarily rigid and the popular beliefs of the masses being more than ordinarily superstitious; his discussion of these phenomena, and of the conservatism, "reformism" and modernism of to-day, would have been more fruitful if he could have drawn parallels with the very similar tendencies in other lands and have evaluated the undoubted influence of Egyptian "reformism" in North Africa. In a survey of the cultural evolution of Turkey which embodies the results of modern Turkish and Western research, Professor B. Lewis (London) emphasizes the factors which have long made the Turks more prone than other Muslims to adopt Western ideas and institutions; but he does not tackle the question why and how the Westernizing and secularist Turks can claim to be just as good Muslims as any others. Finally, in a paper excellent but far too brief, Professor W. Caskel (Cologne) considers the impact on contemporary Muslim thought and conduct of Western ideas concerning the state, society, economics and religion. Egypt is particularly emphasized.

Space does not permit any discussion here of the few points on which this reviewer might venture to disagree with the distinguished contributors. There is, however, one serious criticism to be made concerning the volume as a whole, namely that it lacks a paper on Indian Islam. Not only do the Muslims of India and Pakistan comprise nearly a third of the total, but they pose the methodological problem in a particularly clearcut form; is the civilization of the Indian Muslims to be regarded and studied as a part of Indian civilization or as a part of Muslim civilization? By insisting on the foundation of Pakistan, the great majority of them have indicated which answer they prefer. The lack of any study of Islam in the Soviet Union is also regrettable but perhaps inevitable in the circumstances.

The standards of translation from the French and German, and also of transliteration (always a difficult task, especially when diacritical points are used), are commendably high. This reviewer has not been able to detect a single error. The University of Chicago is to be congratulated on bringing out a volume of such value and quality.

F. R. C. Bagley.

THE TESTIMONY OF THE SPADE: Geoffrey Bibby; McClelland & Stewart (Alfred A. Knopf); pp.xviii, 414; \$7.50.

The jacket of this book informs us that, like Ruth Moore's *Man, Time, and Fossils*, it was "planned and written explicitly" as a companion volume to C. W. Ceram's *Gods, Graves, and Scholars* (1951). It differs, however, from its famous prototype in at least two important respects. Its author is not a journalist but a professional archaeologist, and is a competent specialist in the prehistory of Northern Europe, the subject upon which he writes. Moreover, *The Testimony of the Spade* is a skilfully integrated account of a continuous part of the past, as re-created by the men whose lives and works are ostensibly the theme of the book. In his foreword the author states that the interpretation of a given field of study "in language that can be understood by workers in other fields" is an important responsibility of specialists in that field. Geoffrey Bibby is on the staff of the Prehistory Museum at Aarhus, Denmark, and his book shows how well he understands the problems of this kind

of interpretation, which is the special pre-occupation of the museum man.

The book is formally conceived as a series of sketches about the many men who gradually uncovered the evidence and fitted it together, from the beginning of the nineteenth century, when knowledge of the past was almost entirely dependent on written records, until the wonderfully full picture of the present day. We are told about the exploration, excavation, discoveries and research to which these men devoted their lives, and about the various paths which led them from widely separated walks of life to the same absorbing interest. We see the great pioneers, the first systematizers, the inventors of field and laboratory techniques, the early professional prehistorians, and the brilliant amateurs whose work is still respected today. Spicy anecdotes, personal details, and glimpses of home life and countryside usually lend spontaneous color to the personalities, although they occasionally betray an artificiality foreign to the rest of the book.

Underlying this biographical scheme is the still more absorbing tale of the prehistory itself, told dramatically in a broad chronological sequence, which imposes the four main divisions of the book. These divisions are, in the words of the author, "(1) man's life in Europe during and before the ice ages that until some fifteen thousand years ago covered half the land north of the Alps with a permanent icecap; (2) his spread as a hunter over the land left bare when the ice retreated; (3) the arrival of farming colonists and the change from a livelihood based on hunting to one based on agriculture; and (4) the subsequent history of these farmers while, beyond their horizon but not beyond their ken, the Egyptian, Hittite, Persian, Greek, and Roman empires were remolding the lives of men to the south." This broad panorama gradually unfolds, until it assumes a reality even more convincing than the pattern of modern personalities superimposed upon it.

Perhaps more than anything else, the reader will enjoy being shown, with infinite care, the actual reconstruction of this distant past. He is allowed to follow the ingenious inferences drawn from a multitude of elusive data and to examine the gradually improved techniques for the field, laboratory and the study. He is introduced to the archaeological uses of geology, palaeontology, biology, chemistry, topography, distribution studies, stratigraphy, typology, statistics, and representational art, and to the recently perfected techniques for measuring time absolutely: geochronology, pollen-analysis, and radio-carbon dating. He shares in the excitement of finding a miraculous piece of evidence preserved through a freak of nature, such as the stone village at Skara Brae in the Orkneys, a village suddenly buried by a storm-lashed sand-dune almost four thousand years ago and as suddenly exposed by another storm in 1850 (pp.293-303). The whole of the second section, "The Retreat of the Ice," describes the bridging of the gap between the Aurignacian and Magdalenian hunters of the Old Stone Age and the comparatively recent peoples who had already been indirectly linked with the beginnings of written history. This is the enthralling story of the time-indicating fluctuations in climate and sea-level, and of the varved clay "calendar" laid down by glacial melt. The last part of the book demonstrates that even for periods that are securely dated by written records non-historical data are necessary to fill in important details of the picture as, for instance, in the storming of Maiden Castle by the Romans (pp.380-382). In every chapter the importance of publishing the findings is made clear, for the prehistoric past is shown to depend on an increasingly complex system of knowledge, from which each freshly studied piece receives



its meaning and to which it may contribute something new. Before this system took shape there was the old axiom "no writing, no dating" (p.175).

The prehistory of Northern Europe covers an enormous range. "For the men of the Stone and Bronze Ages distance was no object . . . The earth was free, the world lay open, and they wandered across it as though a thousand miles was nothing but a joyous adventure" (p.263). From the Near East came the gradual spread of the first agricultural settlements as early as 3000 B.C., then the megalithic cult of the sun before 2000 B.C., followed in a generation or two by the traders who brought bronze (and beer?), and by the warlike Indo-European nomads. During the heyday of the European Bronze Age, two thousand years before the Vikings, there was a maritime commerce of vast dimensions, and it is barely within the realm of possibility that Scandinavian ships of the type pictured in Bronze Age rock-drawings may have ventured across the Atlantic. But the most breath-taking trip through space and time traces the northward movement of hunters who were originally Aurignacians of about 20,000 B.C., as they followed their accustomed quarry, the reindeer, at the close of the Ice Age. Now identified with the Eskimos, they reached the Arctic Circle perhaps about 5000 B.C., and crossed the Bering Strait to America about 1000 B.C.

The thirty-two plates (fifty-four photographs) would be more useful if there were plate references in the text and page references on the plates. They are clear and instructive, and the sixty-one drawings in the text and the eleven maps are also excellent. There is an index and a short descriptive bibliography, which advises the general reader on further reading and adroitly indicates the tremendous body of literature behind the production of this book.

Winifred Needler.

THE EARTH WE LIVE ON: Ruth Moore; (Alfred A. Knopf) McClelland and Stewart; pp. 416 + xiv + x, with 46 photographs and 34 line drawings; \$6.00.

The earth we live on is a subject which will be drawn to the attention of the general public rather more than is usual in the next eighteen months, because of the start of the International Geophysical Year on July 1 next. This great international scientific project, in which incidentally Soviet scientists are co-operating fully, will lead to much new knowledge of the physics of the earth, knowledge which will be primarily of scientific interest but which will inevitably attract some public notice and so be featured in the non-scientific press. There will be many readers, therefore, and most certainly many parents, who find themselves facing questions about the nature of the globe which will reveal all too readily their general ignorance of geology and its allied sciences. This ignorance is not to be wondered at. Even today, there is said to be no single high school in the United States in which geology is a subject recognized on the curriculum. The same situation probably prevails throughout Canada. This neglect of geology is, however, unfortunate since even an elementary knowledge of physical geology can add so much to general appreciation of scenery, so much to the interest of travel, so much to real knowledge of one's own country.

A recent series of illustrated articles in *Life* provided a good introduction to geology in outline; the book now under review provides another and equally good approach. It is well and interestingly written. As a *Borzo* book, it is a pleasure to handle although how the set of quite silly line drawings managed to get into any book published by Alfred Knopf is puzzling. They distract from the reading and add nothing by way of interpretation. The author is a woman journalist, the holder of two degrees from Washington

University, the scientific tradition of which may possibly explain her concentration on scientific writing, books on Charles Darwin and on evolution having already come from her pen. With the journalist's approach, she deals in this new book with the story of geological discovery by concentrating upon the work of some of the leaders in geology—most of them in fact, for there are few omissions of great names from the past to which one can point in the main part of the book.

Starting with Biblical references, and quoting liberally from Greek mythology, she shows vividly the stature of Aristotle in reference even to geology, before giving a most interesting discussion of the great Flood and all its implications. Fifty pages are thus devoted to ancient writing. The next hundred pages deal with the work of the great pioneer figures, those whose work paved the way for the study of geology as it is known today, finishing with Sir Charles Lyell, regarded by many as one to be numbered with Darwin. The next part of the book, of equal length, starts—pleasingly enough to a Canadian, but quite fittingly so—with a chapter on the work of Sir William Logan in Canada, a story with which all young Canadians should be familiar. Other pioneers, generally of geology in North America but not exclusively so, follow in brief review, their own words being used extensively to explain their work. It is good to be reminded here that the great Agassiz, founder of glacial geology, first set foot in North America at Halifax.

This third part of the volume concludes with an eloquent chapter on T. C. Chamberlain and his work on the origin and age of the earth. It is only after one passes to the fourth and last part, rather more than one hundred pages long, that one's unreserved pleasure is allayed, for here one finds a small selection of living geologists and their work treated at equal length, and with equal gravity, to the acknowledged giants of the past whose stature is now assured through the perspective of critical and historical study. Once again, therefore, the reader is faced with the almost insoluble problem of where a general history should stop. In this case, and especially since the writer is not herself an expert, I have no hesitation in suggesting that the book should have stopped at page 277, with perhaps just a short note regarding current developments. Interesting though the contents of the last six chapters are, and even though they treat appreciatively the work of one Canadian geologist (Dr. J. T. Wilson of the University of Toronto, who must surely be embarrassed at being given such signal treatment), they present a part of the geological story which is still being unfolded, still therefore in the realm of controversy. A further question will occur to some readers, this being the basis of the selection of the geologists dealt with so kindly in the final chapters. Possibly the excellent bibliography provides a clue since it notes appreciatively *The Earth as a Planet*, a publication of the University of Chicago, in which several of them are contributors. One must hasten to add, however, that despite Miss Moore's connection with the *Chicago Sun-Times*, this selection is the only evidence of bias towards her own city which could be detected anywhere throughout this book, which was read with such unusual pleasure—up to page 277.

Robert Legget.

WHAT MAN MAY BE: George Russell Harrison; William Morrow and Company; George J. McLeod Limited; pp. 278; \$4.75.

Dr. Harrison, Dean of the School of Science at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has attempted in this work "to present an integrated, though necessarily limited, glimpse of man's scientific view of himself which would be meaningful to modern citizens having various degrees of previous polarization towards science" (p. 267). The result is of un-



even quality: sometimes lucid and discerning, sometimes surprisingly superficial, it cannot, I think, be counted a complete success.

The book is partly descriptive, summarizing results and current conceptions in various areas of science and technology, partly expressive of value judgments, and partly predictive of man's future, to which Dr. Harrison looks forward with eager, though not unqualified, optimism. Also, the book dips sometimes into philosophical questions, such as the relationship between mental and physical, the nature of truth, the meaning of explanation, and the meaning of good and evil. These occasions, which occupy but a small part of the text, are among the least satisfactory elements, treatment of these issues being generally, I thought, unnecessarily shallow. In this connection, "explanation" fares much better than the other concepts considered. For example, in discussing the logic of physical theory, Dr. Harrison writes: "The pictures painted by science are . . . symbolic. . . . When physicists make pictures of atoms they are not attempting to show how atoms really look, for . . . this would have no meaning. Rather they are trying to indicate what relationships exist between atoms and the rest of the universe, as interpreted on the human level of consciousness. To ask what a proton or an electron *really* is has no meaning either; we must ask rather how these particles behave in relation to humans, so that we can predict how they will affect us in any given situation. 'Explaining' something consists in relating it to more familiar phenomena in such a way as to give a more unified picture of the universe" (p. 254). There would have been room, I should think, for more philosophy of this good popular order, but unfortunately not much more is to be found.

Dr. Harrison declares that "every lover of mankind owes it to himself to be reasonably well informed about the methods and results of science" (p. 2), and he provides admirable instruction concerning the latter. His presentations of recent scientific thinking about the nature of matter, energy, life, the origin of the universe, information theory, etc., are usually clear and to the point. However, if we look to him here for understanding about the *methods* of science, we shall be disappointed. The book contains practically nothing under this head. We are told that science searches for truth and that its methods "are designed to distill realities from human experience mainly by way of mental processes, and are calculated to separate the effects of emotion from those of reason. Yet every good scientist must recognize the reality and importance of both emotion and reason. He relies in his science on logic, but also on inspiration, intuition, faith, love of beauty, and many specific arts" (pp. 228-29). But this is not very helpful. Further, if a reader acquires from these pages no good conception of the distinction between science and technology it will not be surprising. The aesthetic aspects of science are rightly mentioned by Dr. Harrison. He points out that "science is beautiful for the same reasons as poetry—because it contains symmetry, pattern, and harmony. The poet, painter and musician have no monopoly on the creation of beauty, for the ardor of the creative artist fills the scientist also when he pursues a discovery, and longs for the perception of previously unknown truths" (p. 215).

While acknowledging the overall merit of the descriptive summaries, I believe they would have been strengthened by the omission of many of the minor quantitative details and illustrations, a number of which seemingly serve only to obstruct the flow of the instruction. Thus, to select a few items more or less at random, we are informed that "more than four million refrigerators containing it [Freon] are sold each year in the United States" and that these are

much better "than the two hundred thousand that were sold in 1926", that "an average droplet of blood contains one hundred million or so red cells, about thirty thousand white cells, and a million or so flat platelets", that "bats have . . . about eight hundred taste buds, . . . cattle have as many as thirty-five thousand, . . . and . . . man . . . only about nine thousand sensory pickups for taste", that "television sales in the United States have risen from sixty-five thousand sets in 1946 to seven and a quarter million in 1954", that "a bulldozer driven by a diesel engine can now move a thousand yards of earth in a day with energy from a dollar and sixty-nine cents' worth of petroleum fuel", and that "eighty million American women now buy more than six hundred million pairs of nylon stockings a year". It is difficult to see what role such impedimenta are expected to play.

Finally, Dr. Harrison's main theses seem to be:

(1) Science makes it possible for man to lead a life more consonant with his rich potentialities than any life possible in a science-less world.

(2) Science, art, and religion, as "great humanizing influences of mankind", are mutually supplementary forces moving towards their common goals of truth, knowledge, and making "the years of our lives of the greatest beauty and value to the individual and to the race" (pp. 20, 113).

We may not find that *What Man May Be* adequately supports these claims or even sufficiently clarifies their meaning, and we may discount what does seem another of the currently fashionably attempts to gloss sanguinely over, in fervent calls for co-operation, matters of evident conflict between science and religion and to minimize important differences between the latter and scientific humanism. Yet we may grant that Dr. Harrison's book, rather suggestive than persuasive, will succeed in improving many people's awareness of recent scientific theories and findings and in stimulating some good questions about the topics he considers.

*Erratum:* On page 167 for "much data" read "many data"! J. M. Wheatley.

THE SOLITARY SINGER: A CRITICAL BIOGRAPHY OF WALT WHITMAN: Gay Wilson Allen; Macmillan; \$8.00.

WHITMAN'S MANUSCRIPTS: LEAVES OF GRASS, 1860: Edited by Fredson Bowers, University of Toronto Press (Chicago); pp. 264; \$12.50

From the minor flood of books and articles which greeted the one-hundredth anniversary of the first publication of Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*, these two books have emerged as major contributions to Whitman scholarship.

Professor Allen, of New York University, is the man one hoped would write the definitive biography of Whitman. Very few men, if any, can have a more extensive knowledge of Whitman's life, of Whitman's writings, and of Whitman scholarship than Professor Allen has built up in his twenty-five years of devotion to Walt Whitman. Whitman readers have been indebted to his *Walt Whitman Handbook*, published in 1946; this new biography rounds out his Whitman work, and increases that debt to him greatly.

The material in most of the earlier biographies (some forty) were selected and ordered to demonstrate theses about Whitman's personality. This book endeavors to let the Whitman life speak for itself. It represents the Whitman story as it was acted out, day by day, from 1819 to 1892. The reader has the excitement of watching a life appear to develop organically. Fact is marked off clearly from interpretation of fact, as it rarely was in earlier biographies. Documentation is provided in extensive footnotes at the end of the volume.

This is a much more complete account of Whitman's life than earlier biographies achieved. Professor Allen has been remarkably skillful in organizing his mass of material. Yet he has not sought to diminish Whitman's complexity. At the close of this book the mystery has deepened even as our knowledge has expanded. When Whitman wrote, "I always think of myself as two," he understated rather than exaggerated. It is no wonder that the many men and the fewer women who were attracted so strongly to Whitman have left widely differing accounts of him. "Each knew only so much of this remarkable man as he was capable of knowing, and not one of them understood the whole man — nor did Whitman himself. Perhaps least of all Whitman himself, for he was an intellectual who distrusted intellectuals. He wanted to write for the common man, and preferred the simple uneducated men for his daily companions, though they were incapable of understanding his poetry."

In writing this life, Professor Allen not only has used all available prose sources, he also has worked from an exhaustive knowledge of Whitman's poetry — rightly, for Whitman progressively lived more and more of his life in the writing of his poems. The end of poetry, as Whitman saw it, was to express, and in expressing, to expand personality — that of his own and equally that of his readers. Some readers have been repulsed by what seems to them an elephantiasis of the ego, but Whitman himself assumed that his "personality," as poet, was representative of the personality of his States, and, in the successive editions of the *Leaves of Grass*, the personality of Everyman everywhere. The goal of his poetry was a mystical union with his readers and with Everyman.

Professor Allen sees Whitman's compulsion towards union as springing out of his deep sense of loneliness. "I wander along my life," as Whitman wrote, "hardly ever meeting comrades. . . . For I have not met them. Therefore I have put my passionate love of comrades in my poems." This compulsion led to his overwhelming candor. But although in his constant striving towards union Whitman seems to be telling all (and even at times more than all) in a degree which surpassed any effort in poetry before his time, *The Solitary Singer* makes it clear that frequently he is not only advancing, but advancing obliquely, or even retreating, in his discovery of himself. Whitman poured out affirmation, but he found that he couldn't affirm everything within himself.

This biography enables us to make richer readings of those four or five great poems in *Leaves of Grass* which added so much to the variety and depth of nineteenth century poetry, and, in the twentieth century, afforded examples which encouraged new poets to revitalize our poetry. It is a major study of a great poet; it also presents a moving story of a complex man.

Some readers have thought of Whitman as a rude, self-drunk rhapsodist. They will change their notion if they make use of *Whitman's Manuscripts: Leaves of Grass, 1860. A Parallel Text*, edited with notes and introduction by Fredson Bowers. In it Whitman is "revealed in the art of making poetry." Professor Bowers, of the University of Virginia, and one of the foremost practitioners of analytical bibliography, here has paralleled on facing pages the original manuscript text of some 80 of Whitman's poems, with the revised form in which they were printed in the third and greatly expanded edition of *Leaves of Grass* in 1860.

Professor Bowers' introduction presents a detailed account of the nature of these manuscripts from the Valentine-Barrett Collection. He describes the delicate detective work by which he established (with what must be a high degree of probability) when the manuscripts were written, the order of writing, and their devious history from the writing to their printing in book form in 1860.

The parallel texts allow the reader to see how Whitman worked in creative bursts, and then filed and refiled his work with unending care. Professors C. J. Furness and Emory Holloway and others have pointed out before this how Whitman worked carefully at his craft, revising words and phrasing, and in arranging and rearranging lines, stanzas, and whole poems in his nine editions of *Leaves of Grass* after 1855. He made it a book that grew as he grew during his last forty years. It is an organic book in the fullest sense of the word; its name is much more appropriate than many have suspected. This edition makes available much more evidence on how Whitman worked. It also provides a printed form of the manuscripts from which it is a pleasure to work.

Gordon Roper.

SEA CLIMATE and other poems: J. Phoenix; Glen Coffield (Box 2386, East Portland Station, Portland 14, Ore.); pp. 14; 25¢.

A WINDOW ON THE NORTH: R. A. D. Ford; Ryerson; pp. 48; \$2.50.

EXPERIMENT, 1923-29: W. W. E. Ross; Contact Pr. (28 Mayfield Ave., Toronto 3); pp. 23; \$1.00.

BJARNI: Gael Turnbull; Origin Pr. (214 Main St., Ashland, Mass.); pp. 32; \$1.00.

J. Phoenix is the pen-name of an Englishwoman who has in the last two years published verse in English, American and Canadian magazines. Her work is pleasant and unexciting, at its worst, as in the concluding stanza of "On a Decomposing Fox's Mask", offering a candour and freshness worthy of Canada's Sarah:

How strange! — to me, how horrible — a home!  
Foul-smelling and of tactile nastiness,

# The Tamarack Review

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39 CHARLES ST. W.

TORONTO 5

An overcrowded slum death-housed in gruel  
 Yet is man wiser who is wild to come  
 To teeming towns, from country things that bless?  
 Have you your cinemas and dancehalls too?

R. A. D. Ford's northern window gives actually on the four quarters, and at all points the human intersects with the natural. His most attractive writing is in his translations from Russian and Brazilian poets and in poems like "Thaw in January" and "Roadside near Moscow," where the line of statement is straightforward and concrete. The more reflective poems are less striking in image and much harder to follow, doing little to draw the reader's attention along. Ford's rejection of regular patterns of rhyme and metre leaves his verse—and the reader—unsupported by the sense of firmness and controls these can give, and few of the poems reveal any structure of image, thought or statement clear enough to survive the lack. The sequence of poems at the end, "Luis Medias Pontual in Red Square," spoken in the person of a Spanish Republican émigré bewildered and overwhelmed by the strangeness and force of the reality that is Russia, confuses at first reading but becomes more and more impressive. The confusion is, to the author's credit, not a planned effect. What he wants to achieve is the quality of the finest of the lyrics he has chosen to translate: something hard and clear with human feeling apparent in the very strictness of the outline, and this at his best he has. (The poems do not lend themselves to brief quotation.)

The Contact Press mimeographed selection from the early poems of W. W. E. Ross demonstrates a neat mastery within a carefully restricted range. Probably the appropriate word is "distinction," implying a distinctness less of this sensibility from other sensibilities than of separate images and impressions from one another. The book is composed mainly of descriptive pieces and a group of translations—from Japanese poetry, notable for its preciseness of impression, and Catullus, whose gift is above all preciseness of emotion. Admirable as many of the poems are, they do not represent their author's best work.

To say as Raymond Souster does in his note on the author that "Ross was the first important modern Canadian poet writing in English" is to forget E. J. Pratt, whose *Newfoundland Verse* was published the same year as the earliest of these poems were written. The contrast between the two writers could hardly be greater; and yet each embodies a proper and valuable approach to the Canadian poetic environment. Where Pratt works with substances and forces, Ross like David Milne is an artist chiefly of outline, and his technique drawn from whatever sources is equally able to convey

something "North American"—  
 and something of  
 the sharper tang of Canada.

Gael Turnbull's well-produced little book *Bjarni*, the best seven of whose nine poems deal with figures from Norse saga and related material, has an extraordinary force in it. What we are shown is not heroic action but a pause before or after it in which a direct primitive motivation comes clear in a stripped prose statement that is intensely moving. The old man Valgard inciting the son he despises to the destruction of Njal that he himself cannot live to see, speaks:

I will rest in my cairn, satisfied. You will live  
 to be old. You will see Njal burned in  
 his house. You will walk about proudly.  
 You will have fame, of a sort.  
 It will have been your talk. It will have been  
 their deeds. It will have been my will.  
 You will wonder what went wrong. You will  
 grind your teeth. You will chew your

finger-nails. You will envy me. You will  
 envy Njal.

The motives involved are as crude and irrational as the blood-tie, and once flatly stated are seen as imposing an inexorable necessity, leaving no place for comment or self-pity. Yet the figures so bound dimly realize that although blood must have blood no real satisfaction can be achieved: the process is so impersonal that it becomes almost disinterested. This realization gives tragic dignity to the victims, and gives point to the account of an Irish monk on Lindisfarne with which the series ends.

"You don't say much for yourself, scarcely enough for a poem," the author complains to Bjarni Herjulfson, who may accidentally have discovered America. The author himself has discovered something. What such a reduction to elements does for poetic language and insight can be seen in a poem not of the Bjarni group but not quite unrelated, "On a painting by Piero della Francesca of Beatrice Sforza":

She appears drunk  
 on more than grapes . . .  
 on the ferment of her  
 human pride . . .  
 a placental vintage  
 that urges and confounds  
 like salt to the thirst  
 of the throat it devours.

J.M.

NEW VOICES: CANADIAN UNIVERSITY WRITING  
 OF 1956: Selected by Earle Birney, Ira Dilworth, Desmond Pacey, Jean-Charles Bonenfant and Roger Duhamel, with a Foreword by Joseph McCulley; J. M. Dent & Sons (Canada) Limited; pp. vii, 184; \$3.00.

The general sincerity and lack of pretension of this anthology (even the introduction is modest) almost disarm criticism. All of the thirty-eight student writers represented are intent upon saying something which is important to them. For the most part their skill is not great, and their sense of humor is largely in abeyance. Happily, however, all but a few escape the trap of modishness and technical razzle-dazzle that characterize so much American "new writing"; still better, almost all avoid the windy stretches of subjects beyond their experience. And since the editors are astute enough not to rhapsodize about "prodigies" and "stars", we have the pleasure of discovering a half dozen personalities of authentic lustre.

As we might expect, the pervasive theme of these young writers is the painful wrench from childhood to adolescent awareness—a subject whose expanding implications inevitably link it to the original loss of man's innocence. The treatment of this theme is diverse: it may involve a repellently wily child, clinging to his "black mammy" nurse; the sensual fears of a young man who describes women as "the apple-bearers"; the record of a young girl's seduction and death, ending with a surrogate younger sister who "begins again." But whatever shape this obsessive situation takes, the young writer looks on his experience with dread or pain or defiance. The world to which he is asked to adjust is a menacing nightmare. And since a number of these writers are still very close to their experience, they fail to communicate it resonantly; their realization of it is naive or truncated or inhibited.

In general, Canadian students (French and English) seem happier with the discipline of poetry than with the license of prose. Nevertheless, there are gratifyingly perceptive and controlled stories by Raymond Joly, Frances Wheeler and David Blostein. Among the poets, Jay Macpherson and Daryl Hine (whom we have admired elsewhere) are at their best. Heather Spears, whose best work has appeared



in the U.B.C. *Raven*, is obscurely, intensely lyrical; and Josette Laframboise achieves *une heureuse tristesse* which is movingly elegiac.

*New Voices* is an experimental volume designed to offer a measure of encouragement to young Canadian writers. If we do not demand a whole *nestful* of singing birds, it should have the further effect of encouraging us about the future of Canadian writing.

Hugo McPherson.

BEOWULF: Bryher; McClelland & Stewart; pp. 201; \$3.00.

This novel, published originally in French, was written to explain to Bryher's Parisian friends what living under the blitz was like for the little people of London, the Beowulf of the book being an ugly plaster bulldog, emblem of the common sense (which is in itself gallantry) of the small group of characters with whom Bryher deals. There are a few blemishes: an occasionally obtrusive symbolism, a caricature of a civil servant which is out of keeping with the general tone, some stylistic awkwardness in the early pages which suggests the translator. The major weakness, however, stems from Bryher's genius for the vivid capturing of ordinary lives in their historical context, a gift which makes her historical novels so successful. Here, where she is dealing with a period known to us all, her desire for realism sometimes leads to the "one more cup o' tea before the bomb goes off" line with which we are all too familiar.

On the whole, however, this is a fine book written with a style and sensitivity, and artistic restraint and historical imagination, which remind one irresistibly of Willa Cather. The central setting of a London tea-house is beautifully brought to life; so too are Bryher's characters, her portrait of Horatio Rashleigh, an old and almost destitute artist, being especially effective in its compassion and insight. The book will have a special appeal for those interested in its subject matter, and an even stronger one for those who admire subtle and skilful craftsmanship.

J.S.P.

CONVERSATIONS WITH MR. NEHRU: Tibor Mende; British Book Service (Canada) Limited; pp. 144; \$2.25.

Mr. Nehru is the world's most loquacious statesman, and it was not at all fanciful of Mr. Tibor Mende, a naturalized Frenchman born in Hungary and a lecturer at the Institute of Political Studies in Paris, to suppose he might persuade the Indian Prime Minister to confide his thoughts on a variety of topics to a tape-recorder for subsequent publication. After some coquetry Mr. Nehru found the project irresistible. *Conversations with Mr. Nehru*, four talks transcribed from the original recordings and untouched save for "insignificant adjustments," is the result. On the book's cover is an illustration of the two participants chatting on a sofa and separated by a gigantic microphone loaned by All-India Radio. It is an odd and revealing vignette.

Mr. Mende is a skilled interviewer who combines deference and inquisitiveness in their most productive proportions. He draws from Mr. Nehru frank and obviously sincere reflections on his early life, the influences on his career, domestic and foreign policy. Yet there is little in these conversations which will come as a surprise to anyone familiar with the working of the Prime Minister's mind as revealed by his public utterances during the past few years. It is not remarkable, for instance, to find him conspicuously ungrateful for foreign aid. The American economy, he says, "demands throwing money about . . . It . . . gets into difficulties unless they throw money or goods about" (67). From this and other observations it is apparent that he is depressingly unaware of the realities of American policy. His conception of capitalism might be drawn from Engels' *Condi-*

*tion of the Working Class in England*; while in one passage he appears to equate American and communist viewpoints in what he imagines to be their common hostility to friendly persuasion and their preference for elimination and liquidation (78). We may pray that these judgments are neither considered nor final. There is an interesting discussion of what Mr. De Valera in another context used to call "the rate of change of the rate of change." For Mr. Nehru this involves the speed of industrialization consistent with democracy. It is better, he thinks, to go too fast than too slow. A rapid and spectacular transformation is required to instill in the Indian peasant and worker a "sense of self-confidence, . . . a desire to work harder for further advance." He is unresponsive to his interviewer's suggestion that this end may not justify the means: "What do you mean by ends and means in economic planning? We are functioning in a democratic set-up. If something is acceptable to Parliament, well, it is the democratic way of doing it" (37). He confides that "with a large crowd I speak my intimate thoughts always more than in a small committee," which may give Whitehall second thoughts about the value of Prime Ministers' conferences. There is nowhere any reference to the Commonwealth.

One puts down this little book with a feeling of understanding only slightly better a fascinating, exasperating personality.

James Eayrs.

PIERRE-JOSEPH PROUDHON, A BIOGRAPHY: George Woodcock; British Book Service; pp. 292; \$5.50.

Proudhon is remembered today chiefly for one of his striking aphorisms: *property is theft*. But behind this thin façade we can discover a substantial thinker who contributed profoundly to the rise of the socialist movement in France and to the spread of philosophical anarchism. If his work now goes unread, it is due partly to the sheer bulk of the 26 volumes of the *Oeuvres complètes* and partly to the paucity of translations.

Proudhon (1809-1865) is one of the few major socialist thinkers with a working-class background. He was born of peasant stock, grew up in poverty, and left school at eighteen to learn the trade of printing. A scholarship from the Academy of his native Besançon gave him the opportunity to continue his studies and to produce, at the age of thirty, his penetrating and controversial work, *What is Property?*

His actual theory of property is far less radical than the boldness of his aphorism suggests. Peasant proprietorship and the craftsman's ownership of his tools are always justified. It is the exploitation of producers by non-producers which he attacks, and his reasoning here is interesting. The capitalist appropriates unjustly not the product of his em-

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ployee's personal labour, but the result of the extra productive power which we derive from our social and technological heritage. But since we are all inheritors of the past, it is manifestly unjust that this heritage should not be shared by all. State ownership provides no solution. It too stifles the natural equality and freedom which are the foundations of his system.

Side by side with this critique of property goes a massive distrust of the state. The only just basis of social order is the abolition of compulsion of man by man. Associations of producers and mutual banking and credit institutions could make government unnecessary. Authority could be replaced by contract, command by consent. It is of some interest that in the early 1860's he placed his hope for the more immediate future in federalism, but the principle as he understood it meant little more than an aggregation of local units working out co-ordinated policies by agreement and compromise.

Although there is a considerable literature on Proudhon in French, there are few studies in English, and George Woodcock's biography therefore fills a sizable gap. It traces the course of Proudhon's precarious existence with care and sympathy. Through youthful wanderings, political journalism, membership in the National Assembly, imprisonment, exile in Brussels, and finally return to Paris, the continuing element is poverty. One could wish for a more systematic analysis of his social and political ideas, but perhaps the fault here lies not so much in his biographer as in the disorderly presentation of these ideas in Proudhon's own voluminous writings.

*Kenneth D. McRae.*

**THE SACRIFICE:** Adele Wiseman; Macmillan; pp. 346; \$3.95.

This first novel by a young Winnipeg author has already won much critical acclaim. As many others have pointed out, her story of a Ukrainian Jewish family, who emigrated to Canada in the early years of this century and settled in Winnipeg, is told with warmth and humor, and its scope is enlarged by Biblical echoes. The father and mother are Abraham and Sarah; the son is Isaac; the grandson, Moses. Like their ancestors, these Jews have escaped from a hostile country to seek their fortunes in a Promised Land. The parallel is not pushed to extremes, but it is always there, adding a kind of third dimension to the story.

While this is undoubtedly an excellent first novel, it is not quite as good as the enthusiasm of some of the critics might lead you to expect. Miss Wiseman has managed to paint a very sympathetic picture of her immigrant family, and she has given us many lively vignettes of their community, but the story itself is somewhat rambling and inconclusive. In broad outline it is a tragic story, but the effect is not tragic. She has given us believable characters, but she has failed to make us care enough about them to become involved in their fate. Perhaps she has been too much concerned with pinning down the telling detail and the colorful phrase to remember that human nature itself is the basic material of every novelist, and that people of whatever race, in whatever country, have much the same feelings and motivations. We can appreciate the book as a fine account of a Jewish family in Winnipeg, but it doesn't quite cross the border to that wider land of universal truth.

*Edith Fowke.*

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#### THE ROYAL COMMISSION AND THE GORDON COMMISSION

(Continued from front page)

tion of public confusion and given aid and comfort to the obscurantists. In so doing it has done a disservice to the cause of public education.

Listen to the "would seems". "More than a moderate increase [in the tariff] would not seem to be a practicable consideration . . ." "And any substantial increase in the tariff would seem to be equally unacceptable to most Canadians." The conclusion is ineluctable: "— it would seem sensible for this country, for the time being, to hold the tariff line, on the average, at about its present level."

The Commission's most definite recommendations are for further study. One can sympathize with this method of whittling away at infinity. The need for new enquiries of an official nature, however, is not convincingly argued. Moreover, the Polonius-like phrases that surround the proposals for new investigations are pretty hard to take. Many complaints about Maritime transportation facilities were heard; therefore a commission on Maritime transportation problems is necessary—this despite the fact that a Royal Commission on Canadian Transportation reported as recently as 1951. Note to the prospective commissioners: "Quite obviously the costs of improving the various services should be carefully estimated and considered and care should be taken to avoid the introduction of duplicate facilities with consequent increases in total expenditures." Note to the government: Upon the completion of the new commissions's work "the measures required to improve the present situation [should] be taken without delay!"

The young Restrictive Trade Practices Commission (the product of another official enquiry of the recent past) came in for some criticism at the hearings; "— in view of the strong opinions which were expressed on the subject, we suggest that at the appropriate time this whole matter might be restudied . . ." Given the appropriate time, the purpose of the study would be "to ensure that our monopoly control machinery is well designed to promote the public interest. . .". The prospective commissioners are cautioned to approach their study "bearing in mind modern large-scale industrial production and the particular characteristics of the Canadian economy." They should not think in terms of handicraft industry in Tibet.

We are commenting on the form and presentation of the Preliminary Report—not on its substance. It is being judged on the criterion of plain speaking and therefore on its value as an aid to clear public discussion. On the question of foreign investment it speaks darkly. On commercial policy it speaks with two tongues. Where problems seem to exist it suggests in pontificating platitudes that something ought to be done. The public deserves better treatment than this.

J. H. DALES.